

Episodes of
Catholic History.

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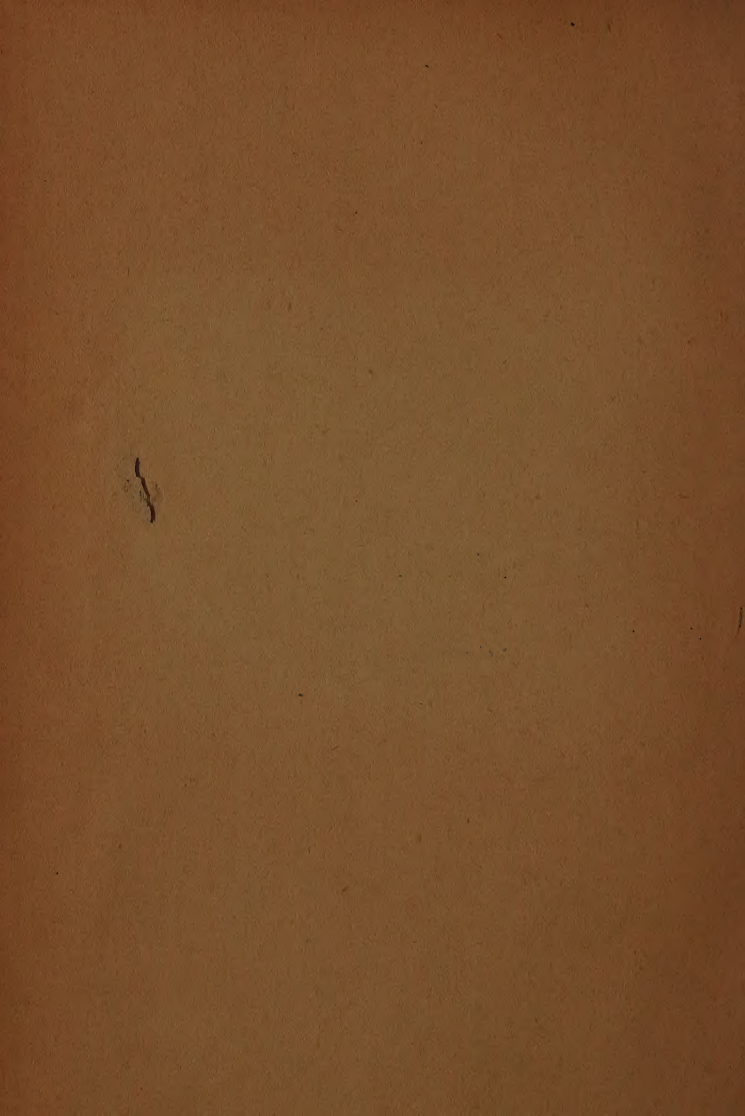
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EPISODES

OF

Catholic History

BEING

WORD-PICTURES OF IMPORTANT EVENTS
IN THE VARIOUS AGES OF
THE CHURCH



BOSTON

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1900

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The aim of these little sketches is rather to call attention to the events they treat of than to afford exhaustive or erudite instruction therein. Such purpose the author would leave to those whose wide experience and extensive learning have qualified them to act as judges or interpreters of the world's historic doings. The book will have served its purpose if it will but remind its readers that the greatest and noblest events in Christian history have been performed under the banner of the Catholic Church. It will do more than the author hopes for if it shall serve as an incitement to the reading of extended Catholic history in those larger works whose authors have been recognized as authorities in the world of letters.

Most of the articles of this little volume have appeared during the past year in the columns of *The Quincy Monitor*, a Catholic monthly publication of the St. John's Catholic, Literary and Athletic Association of that city.

As to the sources of information to which the author has been more or less indebted he might mention most especially the works of Josephus Flavius in relation to the first article of the book. The other sketches have been informed out of such standard works as the "Fiori della Storia Ecclesiastica" of Caesare, the famous "Dizionario" of Moroni, and the histories of Salzano, Darras, Alsog, Reeve and Lingard.

Quincy, July, 1897.

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The Fall of Jerusalem.

A. D. 70.

The affecting words of Our Lord as he was approaching Jerusalem for the last sad tragedy of his life are narrated in the gospel of St. Luke, as follows: "And when he drew near, seeing the city, he wept over it, saying: 'If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace, but now they are hidden from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee: and thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round: and straiten thee on every side: And beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee, and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone: because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation.' "

The Jews who had heard this remarkable prophecy little imagined that scarce a generation should pass by before its entire fulfilment. It was in the year 70 of the Christian era. Judea, that had long languished under the domination of pagan Rome, had at length risen in rebellion and strove to cast off the foreign yoke. The prepara-

tion for the last act of its terrible tragedy was scarcely less horrifying than the awful termination itself. For many years a gloom had hung over the City of David like the shadows of some mysterious malediction weighing down the spirits of its inhabitants and causing unrest and discontent on every side.

“The inhabitants were divided by jealousies into warring factions. Mutual mistrust reached its highest development. Friends were alienated, families were broken up, a man’s worst foes were those of his own household. Every man had to take heed of his neighbor and suspect his brother. Brigandage, impostures, and assassinations were rife. No man was secure. Some from private enmity, others on account of their wealth, were struck dead by men who passed by, apparently unarmed, and as peaceably disposed as themselves. Even the Temple was not a place of safety; the worshipper did not know but that the man who knelt by his side was preparing to plunge his dagger to his heart. The chief priest was slain while performing public worship. High priests and priests quarreled over their share of the tithes, and resorted even to acts of violence. God, in

seeming abhorrence of his guilty city, and disdaining any longer to dwell in his contaminated temple, brought the Romans to punish with fire the sins of the nation. In the mean time wild and awful prodigies, according to the Jewish annalist, Josephus, from whom our knowledge of the destruction of Jerusalem is chiefly derived, filled the timid with apprehensions of the approaching desolation. A comet which had the appearance of a sword hung above the city for a whole year. At the Feast of Unleavened Bread, at the sixth hour of the night, a sudden light as bright as day shone about the altar and the Temple, and continued for about half an hour. The immense brazen inner gate on the easterly side of the Temple, which required twenty men to swing it, and which was fastened by strong iron bolts let into the stone door-posts, flew open suddenly.

One day before sunset chariots and armed squadrons were seen in the heavens, seeming to encircle the city in their rapid and terrific career. On the Pentecost the priests who entered by night into the Temple said they heard a movement and a noise, and presently the voice of a great host,

which said: "Let us depart hence." A man, whom no scourging could compel to utter anything else, traversed the narrow streets of the city day and night for four years, until the bitter end, crying: "Woe, woe to Jerusalem. Woe, woe to the city and to the Temple." History hastened to the fulfilment of God's prophecies of the punishment of the city which had crucified his only-begotten Son. Driven to madness by the massacre of their brethren in Cæsarea, and apparently appointed everywhere else for slaughter, they determined, if mankind thus warred upon them, to wage unrelenting war upon mankind. By an organized and desperate outbreak they secured the most important posts in the country; and by inflicting upon the Roman army such a defeat as they had not received since the defeat of Varus in the forests of Germany, they rallied the whole nation headlong into revolt. Judea was thus brought into open rebellion against Rome, and defiance against the whole civilized world. Vespasian and Titus were sent to chastise her, and terrible was her punishment. One after another of her cities was swept away, until Titus, at last laid siege to Jerusalem itself."

The many Christians of the place now remembered the prophecy of Christ and felt that its fulfilment was at hand. They accordingly left the city before the advent of the Romans and took refuge in the town of Pella, among the hills. Within the city the confusion and quarreling of the inhabitants was rendered all the greater by the crowds of pilgrims who had come to Jerusalem for the Feast of the Passover. The city was strongly defended by three walls. Against the lower of these Titus began his operations. Lofty towers were erected and moved up to a position commanding the northern portion, and from these a continuous shower of missiles was directed upon the inhabitants. The Jews were driven back again and again, until finally a breach was made in the wall, through which the troops of Titus entered. The gates were thrown open and that entire suburb fell into the hands of the enemy. The Jews now retired within the second wall whence they continued the defence as before. Five days were passed in the effort on the one hand to drive back the invaders, and on the other to subdue the defenders. But a breach was at length made in the second wall, and the Romans

found themselves in possession of the greater portion of the city. Nothing now remained but the Temple, surrounded by its strong, almost impregnable walls.

Into this those of the Jews who still remained alive, fled in the hope that God would aid them, at least in the preservation of His Holy Sanctuary. Against this place the Romans now directed all their energies. For many days the siege lasted with no signs of wavering on either side. At length famine began its ravages within the precincts of the Temple. Many endeavored to escape from its horrors by scaling the walls wherever they were unprotected; their absence lessened the need for greater amounts of food so that the more who could escape the longer must the defence hold out. Titus perceiving this erected a wall five miles in length and surrounding the whole city. Thereby every means of egress was cut off; the inhabitants of the city were penned in like so many cattle in a fold. The famine that had been terrible before now, increased a hundred fold. There was nothing which could give nutrition that was not eagerly seized upon and devoured. The very animals against which human

appetite instinctively revolts were consumed as the most delicious of viands. The bodies of the dead were dragged forth from their tombs if by chance they might serve to allay the awful cravings of hunger. A woman, a mother, murdered her own infant, roasted and ate one-half of its body, and presented the remainder to the famished soldiers, whom the odor of this execrable meal had attracted to the spot. "It is my son," she said; be not more tender than a woman, nor more compassionate than a mother." On hearing of this Titus declared that the ruins of Jerusalem should bury the remembrance of such a crime.

At length even the apparently impregnable Temple yielded to the storming of the Romans. It was not the desire of Titus that this magnificent edifice should be destroyed; it was his intention rather to preserve its venerated walls as a monument to his own valor as well as a memorial of older history. But in the designs of the Almighty its doom had long been decreed. As if by an inspiration from above, a soldier, disregarding the orders of his general, was lifted upon the shoulders of his comrade, and threw into the Temple a fire-brand. A conflagration was enkindled which Titus

strove in vain to extinguish. The whole immense structure fell a prey to the flames, and the Jews who had taken refuge within were either burned to death or put to the sword.

Jerusalem had fallen. Its now ruined homes mourned the loss of more than a million of its children slain by the sword, by fire or by famine. The ploughshare was dragged over the place of its walls and streets, and in the furrows, as a sign of eternal malediction, was sown the unfruitful seed of salt. Ninety-seven thousand Jews were led away into captivity to be sold as slaves. The leaders of the nation were executed or carried to Rome to grace the triumphal reception of Titus. The treasures of the Temple, those religious articles whereby the Jews were wont to swear, were carried in triumph through the streets of Rome. All that was dear to the Jewish heart and soul was destroyed or desecrated. It was the end of the Hebrew nation, an event which is commemorated even to this day by that noble monument standing in the Roman Forum, the arch of Titus, which bears sculptured in bas-relief the picture of Titus' triumph and the desolation of the Jews.

The Victory of Constantine.

A. D. 312.

For three centuries the emperors as the personification of enmity towards the Church, had wielded a sword never at rest from its bloody work. Through them, all that was holiest and dearest to the Christian heart was sacrificed to the demands of incontrollable passion. The streets of the Eternal City had bathed in sanguinary streams flowing from the arteries of innumerable martyrs. The hearthstone of their homes made desolate, the glorious privileges of liberty denied, Christians had learned to accept in silence the inevitable penalties of revolt against the kingdom of the world. While the empire was hostile to religion every means was adopted to conquer and annihilate the Spouse of Christ; but its day was now at its close; the time was at hand when kings and princes of the earth should learn to recognize and attest the divine power of the Church. The Cross was no longer to be reputed a scandal to the Jews and foolishness to the gentiles; its place should henceforth be at the summit of imperial crowns, upon the standards

of kings and blazing forth in gilded glory from the pinnacles of temple and palace.

The year 312 was ushered in with many sentiments of great coming events. Galerius, the persecutor, was no more, having ended his unhappy life with his own hand. The government of the world lay in the hands of Constantine, Licinius, Maximinus and Maxentius. A mighty struggle was about to be inaugurated, the result of which should determine to which of these contestants should finally belong the dominating power of the world.

For some time past Constantine had beheld with indignation the cruelty and tyranny with which the Emperor Maxentius had afflicted Rome and Italy. He desired nothing better than the complete liberty of his native land. The ferocity of the tyrant, his unnatural life, his unbridled passions, his avarice and his pride had kept the world in a state of continual terror and oppressed by innumerable evils and cruel tribulations. The Church and the Christians under such a prince were persecuted to such an extent that after God, their only comfort was in the hope of speedy death.

Constantine, however, had no desire to be the

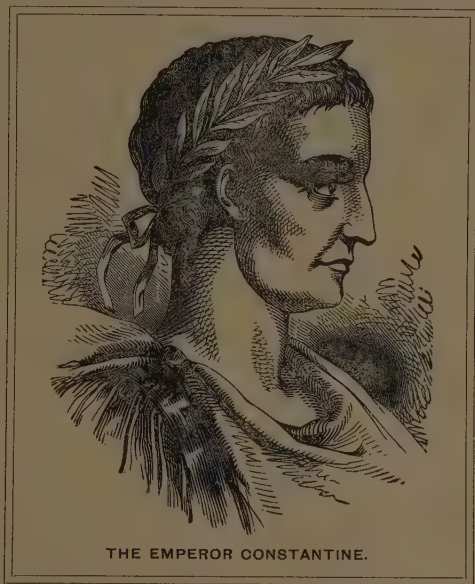
first in lighting the fires of civil war ; but that did not prevent his ardent soul from watching eagerly for the first possible opportunity of liberating the world from its unnatural burden. Nor did divine Providence leave him long in expectation. Maxentius confiding in his immense army, in the wealth gathered together by robbery and plunder, and in the favor of the evil spirits, with whom he pretended to hold familiar converse ; and looking with a jealous eye upon the growing power of the young and amiable Constantine, conceived the idea of driving the latter from the throne, and for this end began, himself, the first movements of war. He opened up his campaign by overthrowing the statues of his rival, by effacing his image wherever found, and finally by loud boastings that he would bring the career of the son of Constantius Chlorus to a speedy end. The declaration of war was accepted eagerly by Constantine, who immediately began extensive preparations towards the coming meeting with his adversary.

Constantine had inherited from his father an esteem and affection for the Christians, such that, scarcely had he donned the imperial purple, than he granted to them complete liberty in the exer-

cise of their religion, which he himself often deliberated seriously upon embracing. Divine mercy provided an opportunity for the obtaining of this grace through the mysterious events of a single day.

Having determined upon a systematic opposition to Maxentius, Constantine began to implore aid from on high. His mind was not yet so clearly enlightened as to perceive all the absurdities of idolatry. Yet the events of past history had demonstrated clearly that the omnipotence of the supernatural world lay in the person of one only God. He vacillated for a time in the uncertainty as to which god deserved most his complete adoration: Jove and Venus, Saturn, Bacchus or Diana. Had not the old emperors followed their guidance with no better result than continual misfortune in life and eternal infamy after unhappy death. Constantius Chlorus, his father, who knew the errors of the false gods and the duty of adoring the one God of the Christians, had been prosperous in all his undertakings and had died in peace and with glory. The slight beginning of faith inspired by these reflections induced Constantine to have recourse to the true God in a spirit of humble

prayer. He prostrated himself before God and with a trusting heart prayed that he might know



the divine will, and what he should do to gain the victory over the tyrant, promising at the same time to observe all that he should be commanded. The prayer of Constantine was heard and the

Lord, by a miraculous intervention of his goodness placed in his possession the secret of victory.

One day as Constantine and his arms were resting in a pleasant valley of Switzerland, preparatory to crossing the Alps for the invasion of Italy, there was seen upon the disc of the noonday sun, formed from out its brilliant rays, a cross of most resplendent beauty and bearing, in letters of gold, the legend : “ *In hoc signo vinces,*” i. e. “ By this sign you will conquer.” This amazing spectacle was witnessed not only by Constantine, but by the whole army who gazed upon it in dumb-founded wonder, not knowing what it might mean.

The emperor, no less at a loss than his soldiers to understand its import, spent the day in meditating upon its different features, but the slumbers of the night had overtaken him before any light broke in upon his mind. In his dreams during the night, there appeared to him the figure of Christ the Lord, bearing in his hand the sign displayed that day in the heavens, and commanding him that he should fashion one similar to this, and that this new standard should be borne before the army in battle as a sure pledge of victory. On arising in the morning Constantine

related to his officers his dream and the command of Our Lord. He called before him his gold and silver smiths and workers in precious stones, and bade them proceed at once to make the cross. A gigantic lance was brought, covered with plates of solid gold, to which at a distance of a foot from the point was attached a crossbar. The point of the spear was decorated with a crown of gold, adorned with jewels, forming the letters of the monogram of Christ: "X. P." From the crossbar hung a long veil of richest silk, embroidered with gold and precious stones. This was the standard which, under the name of the Labarum, led the hosts of Constantine to the first grand victory of Christendom.

Jesus Christ, in the same vision, had also commanded the emperor that he should arm his troops with the same mystic sign, which he therefore caused to be engraved upon the shields and helmets of all his soldiers. Then, when all was in readiness, Constantine led his forces confidently into Italy to begin the march against the tyrant Maxentius, nor did he rest from his arduous advance until he beheld his troops near the Milvian Bridge, a few miles from Rome.

It was the 28th of October, 312. Maxentius knowing the numerical superiority of his forces, was giving but little thought to the enemy encamped without his gates. In the forenoon of the day he could be found deeply interested in the athletic games of the Circus, ordered by him in observance of the sixth anniversary of his accession. The populace, who already hated the tyrant and his oppression, indignant that he should thus pass his time in pleasure while the state was in danger, began to rise up in the Circus, calling upon him as a traitor, and crying out that he was a coward in the face of the invincible Constantine. Maxentius was filled with consternation at this sudden uproar and left the Circus in a transport of fear. He consulted the Sybils to learn what fortune might come from the war, and received as answer that if he should leave Rome that day he should die. Still another oracle of the Sybils informed him that day would perish the enemy of Rome. The tyrant interpreted this last oracle in his own favor, believing that Constantine was in reality the enemy of Rome. Assured by this thought he gathered his army about him, and forgetful of the first oracle left Rome for the place of battle.

The two armies came together on the further side of the Tiber, and entered into a very short and decisive struggle. Almost from the beginning the fortunes of the tyrant seemed to have abandoned him. The Romans and the other Italians of his army, who desired nothing better than the discomfiture of Maxentius and his ultimate overthrow, after a slight resistance fled from the field; and only the higher officers and the Pretorian guard, who, besides being gifted with the spirit of valor, were hopeless of any clemency from Constantine, remained with their commander to the last. The victory for a while hung in the balance. At length, however, when the bravery of Constantine's army had broken the ranks of the enemy, and put them to flight, Maxentius yielded, hurrying back to the Tiber in the hope of crossing safely and recovering himself in Rome.

He had provided for the possibility of retreat by building across the river a bridge of boats. He had designed it not only as a means of passage for his own followers, but more especially as a trap for Constantine should the latter in the event of victory endeavor to follow up the retreat. It was so constructed that, at a given signal, the two cen-

tral boats could be detached from each other and the bridge thus destroyed would cast its human burden into the yellow waters. Maxentius himself fell into the trap he had prepared for his rival. His flying troops hurried in wild terror upon the flimsy structure, which in a few moments bended and wavered hither and thither, and before the tyrant had gained the middle of the stream the whole ingenious contrivance was broken into several parts, casting horse and man in one confused rabble into the river. In the terrible meleé the thought of each one was for his own safety; the tyrant was forgotten and sank into the waves, carrying with him to death the torments of an evil conscience and the execrations of a burdened people. His body was found, a few days after, encumbered with its heavy armour; his head was stricken off and fixed upon the point of a spear and borne by the victorious army to Rome as the most glorious trophy of the battle.

The fugitives who had succeeded in crossing the river bore to the city the news of the discomfiture, and told in words of anxious fear how Constantine with his triumphant army was hastening to the gates. The Senate and people assured of

the overthrow of the tyrant broke forth into cries of jubilation that made the very heavens echo. Through the open gates the populace, crowned with olive and bearing green branches in their hands, went out to meet the victor. The air resounded with cheers, with blessings and words of admiration. Constantine was hailed as the savior of his country, the father of the Roman people, the author of public happiness. He passed on horseback through the surging crowds, answering their wild acclamations with bowing head and smiles of recognition. The people of Rome flung themselves upon the victorious troops, embracing them as brothers, as liberators ; congratulating themselves at the same time upon so auspicious a victory. There was no distinction of victor or vanquished, as all took to themselves the glory of a conquest which secured the peace and safety of the common country.

Thus, amid the cheers of triumph, upon the imperial Labarum, upon the shield of the emperor and upon the arms of thirty thousand soldiers gleamed the cross of Jesus Christ. It was the first time from the beginning of the world that, in pagan Rome, in the home of Jupiter and

Venus, the knees of that proud people were bended in adoration before the cross, the gibbet of the crucified God.

After the cross, the honors, the affection and the gratitude of Rome were poured out upon Constantine. To him these glad people knelt, kissing his feet, embracing his knees, blessing him and begging his protection. At the sight of the head of Maxentius borne aloft upon the point of a spear, the joyous acclamations were changed into groans and hisses, full of contempt and hatred.

The first actions of the conqueror were entirely in accord with his magnanimous soul. The prisons in which Christians had long languished were thrown open. The Christian name was honored in public ceremony. The enemy, those who had borne arms for the defence of the tyrant, were for the most part pardoned. The instigators of the former cruelties of Maxentius alone were delivered to the death they had so often brought upon others. The soldiers of the tyrant were disarmed and sent to distant countries to combat the barbarians. The Pretorian guard, the instrument of innumerable atrocities in the past, was disbanded. The Senate was reinstated to its former

dignity and power. The whole system of government was reformed and harmonized. The people were made to feel that peace had at last come upon earth, and that the blessing of the true God had descended upon mankind.

For these many signal achievements the Senate of Rome at once conferred upon Constantine the title of First and Greatest Emperor, unworthily and illegitimately usurped by Maxentius. They then erected a magnificent triumphal arch, which stands even to this day, bearing this inscription: "To the Emperor Cæsar Flavius Constantine, Maximus, Pius Felix Augustus, for having through the inspiration of Divinity, and the grandeur of his mind, with his army and with the justice of his cause, liberated in one single battle the Republic from the oppression of the tyrant and of all his faction, the Senate and the people of Rome have erected and dedicated this triumphal arch to the Liberator of the city and to the founder of peace."

Julian, the Apostate.

A. D. 331.

Flavius Claudius Julian, surnamed the Apostate, was born at Constantinople on the sixth of November, 331. His father was Julius Constantius, the nephew of Constantine, the Great. The care of his education was confided to Eusebius of Nicomedia. His uncle, Mardonius, endeavored to instil into his heart every good principle of faith and morality. He made rapid advances in the sciences, entered the clerical state and was even elevated to the rank of reader. He then made a journey to Athens, where he applied himself to magic, astrology and all the vain observances of the heathen. Here he formed a particular friendship with the philosopher Maximus, who was the principal cause of his ruin. In the year 355 he was declared Cæsar; he thus received command of the armies of Gaul and signalized himself by numerous important victories.

Scarcely was he proclaimed emperor than he swore in his delirious passion to extinguish the Christian religion, and although his career of per-

secution was not as violent as that of Nero, nevertheless so systematic and organized was it that it would have caused greater evil to the Church had not God shortened his life, ruined his infernal projects, and rendered his name odious to his contemporaries.

Julian could not be accused of publishing edicts of persecution against the Christians, but by indirect means he endeavored through all his life to exterminate Christianity. He began his reign by calling back all those bishops driven into exile by his predecessor, Constantius, believing that by retaining them at home he could destroy them one by one. From this general recall he excepted, however, the great St. Athanasius, whose virtues and intellectual qualities made him too dangerous to have near the imperial throne. After decorating himself with the title of Pontifex Maximus, as leader of the pagan religion, he began a systematic persecution of the Christians. He proclaimed liberty of religious belief, and at the same time deprived the ecclesiastics of their privileges and the consecrated virgins of their pensions. The churches were despoiled, their riches transported to the temples of the idols, which were rebuilt at

the expense of the Christians. The cities which abandoned the religion of Christ received from the emperor every mark of favor and protection ; those on the contrary, which remained faithful were oppressed by every kind of burden, and their representations ignored at the imperial court. He studiously excluded the Christians from every kind of civil office, declaring that the Gospel forbade the followers of Christ from using the sword and from defending themselves in public tribunals. In a word, he attained to such depths of perfidy that in his desire to totally eradicate Christianity he forbade its adherents to have anything to do with science or literature, so that by making them ignorant he would deprive them of the power, in the future, of distinguishing truth from error.

Not satiated by his many crimes against Christ, nor conquered by his numberless misfortunes, Julian, inflamed by a rabid hatred of divine power, resolved to attempt a last effort. He would contrive to falsify the predictions of the Lord, to prove him an impostor, and with one masterly stroke eradicate the Christian religion. It had been foretold, long before, to the Jews that their temple would be destroyed, so that a stone should

not remain upon a stone; the prophecy of the Lord had been fulfilled, and the temple had vanished. The impious emperor now determined upon rebuilding it despite the Gallilean, and thus destroy all faith in the prophecy. He called to him the Jewish race from every quarter of the world; he implored and commanded them to rebuild their temple. He opened up the public treasury to defray the expenses of the great undertaking; he poured out gold and silver with lavish extravagance that he might have the glory of dishonoring Christ and proven his words to have been false. From all sides the Jews flocked to Jerusalem burning with their ancient hatred of Christ, re-inforced by that of Julian. There was not a Jew alive who did not aspire to have part in the wonderful work. In Jerusalem all set to their task with an energy worthy of a better cause. Some carried stone and mortar, some dug the earth for foundations; some planned, others executed. Even the women aided in the enterprise by offering at sale their ornaments, their bracelets, collars, rings and jewels.

In a short time the laborers had already excavated the few stones of the old temple that

had lain for centuries buried in the earth, scattering them here and there in their haste to clear the way for the new structure. They little knew that by this very act they were but putting the finishing touch to the fulfilment of Christ's prophecy, so that they actually left not a stone upon a stone. The hour came at length, when all was in readiness to lay the new foundations, and the moment was signalized by expressions of jubilation. It seemed as if their triumph over the word of God had now reached its completion. But Divine Providence had judged otherwise. A terrible storm arose, and, in the midst of lightnings and falling rain, the winds driven by a supernatural fury scattered the stones right and left. An earthquake shook to the ground the houses in the vicinity and destroyed a magnificent portico, in the ruins of which many Hebrews perished. Globes of fire came forth from the earth, burning up the masons, the architects, and the entire works.

The rage of the punished builders only increased their determination to succeed in the undertaking. Again and again they returned to the work, and as often were they driven back by the

mysterious fires that burst forth from the ground under their very feet. Finally the enterprise was abandoned ; the Gallilean had triumphed over the emperor.

Nor were these manifestations sufficient to signalize the importance of this great triumph of the faith. In the night there appeared in the heavens a cross of flaming light, surrounded by a crown of equal splendor. The victory was still greater in the souls of the Jews, many of whom, profoundly moved by such intervention of Divine Providence, gladly accepted the faith of the Christians.

The mercy of God had now used every means to humiliate and conquer the obstinate soul of Julian ; the time was ripe to put a peremptory end to his career of perfidy, in a last stroke of divine vengeance. Julian had determined to carry the war into Persia, and had made all preparations for this in the full confidence of certain victory, inspired by the auguries of his pagan magicians. He had ever been a votary of magic, and loved to pry into things of the future. His jugglers and sooth-sayers stopped at no limits of humanity or common sense in the ceremonies of their divinations. The

number of infants slaughtered at their commands might not be counted. There were found in the imperial palace, after Julian's death, boxes filled with the bones and remains of these innocents, besides the numberless dead bodies that filled the wells and cisterns. Such were the rites to which Julian had recourse before beginning the last undertaking of his life.

The oracles brought back answers full of promise, and the emperor, intoxicated with hope, set out immediately against the Persians. It was only at the last moment before his decisive battle that the magicians and soothsayers betrayed their deceit; they were now obliged to confess that the signs were contrary to Julian and promised only defeat. But it was too late to retreat; besides the ambition of the emperor easily overcame all premonitions of disaster. In spite of the art of divination he determined to try the fortunes of battle, feeling that the prize was well worthy of the danger.

He gave admirable proof of valor that day, sustaining the flanks of the army as they were about to yield, hurrying hither and thither and everywhere inspiring courage and strength. But a dart, thrown by an unknown hand pierced his arm,

passed through his ribs and lodged in his liver. The unhappy man fell from his horse, but was raised up immediately by his companions and carried upon a litter of shields to his tent. The wound was mortal; an uncontrollable hemorrhage brought about his speedy death, on the 27th of June, in the year 363.

The last action of this tyrant was as dramatic as his whole life. As he lay upon the ground bleeding and in mortal agony, he caught from his wound a handful of blood and casting it towards the heavens, cried out, "Thou hast conquered, Gallilean! Why dost thou persecute me further! Even yet do I defy thee! Sate thyself with my blood, now that thou hast conquered!" His death, following this action, put an end to the struggle between heathenism and the Church of Christ.

The Conversion of Clovis.

A. D. 486.

In the year of Our Lord 486, there was reigning in Gaul, Clovis, king of the Franks. Young, valiant, ambitious, yet moderate at need, he was born to rule. He was a pagan, an adorer of idols; yet he showed no hostility to the Christians; he even favored them, and placed no obstacle to their increase in numbers. His propensity toward Christianity was further manifested when he took for his wife, Chlotilda, a Christian and Catholic princess, the niece of Gondebald, king of Bourgoigne. Chlotilda was of extraordinary beauty, which was enhanced by singular gifts of mind and soul. This great queen esteemed her beauty for the sole reason that, having by it gained the love of her husband, she might turn it to advantage toward the acquisition of what she most ardently desired, the conversion of Clovis. For, loving her king as ardently as she did, she could not but feel grieved that he continued in his worship of idols as an enemy of the true God. She, therefore, prayed to God with many tears and acts of piety,

to shed upon his soul the light of truth and contrition.

That the prayers of the good woman were not without avail was manifest at the birth of the first son, who appeared in the sixth year of her married life. Clovis consented with entire willingness that it should be baptised in the true faith and dedicated to Jesus Christ. Chlotilda caused the baptism to be performed with the greatest pomp and with all the splendor of magnificent ceremony in order thereby to excite in her husband the greatest possible esteem for the religion of Our Lord. But God wished to exact a strong proof of the faith and virtue of the holy queen. After some days, while the child still wore the white robes of his baptism, God willed that it should die. This was a severe blow to Chlotilda, more especially as it must act as a temptation to Clovis to reject altogether that faith which he was just beginning to love. Clovis was filled with bitter sorrow, and spared not to reproach his wife in terms which appeared to him only too just. "Behold ! he cried, " Is this the reward which your Christ gives to me for presenting to him my first born? This is nothing else than the vengeance

of the gods insulted and offended by what I have done against them. If I had dedicated my son to them and had him educated in their worship they would have preserved him to me and he would now be alive."

The pious and prudent queen softened the sorrow of the king by all the arguments which God and her piety could inspire. They were not in vain. Indeed, it appeared afterwards that Clovis did not hold in his heart that severe opinion of the religion of Christ which his words seemed to imply. A second son was born and although Chlotilda had little reason to hope that the king would yield to what he must have considered a sacrifice of his son, yet her charms, aided by God's grace, so won over the heart of the prince that he consented to her wishes, and the child was baptised under the name of Chlodomere.

Even this second son, shortly after its baptism, became ill and fears were entertained of his life. Clovis at this new danger blamed himself bitterly for having yielded too easily to his wife, whom he again reproached. "This is the result," he cried, "of my too great confidence in your Christ and in you. I must now lose this second child and you

will have the pleasure of knowing that you have caused its death. You have robbed me of a successor to my throne, you have robbed Gaul of a king, and destroyed my kingdom, for I must hold it henceforth as lost." Chlotilda wept; but unshaken in her faith, or rather more strongly fortified in her trust in the goodness and providence of God, she knelt and poured out her heart in prayer. Again she was answered; the child was restored to perfect health, and Clovis with all his people, rejoiced anew.

It seemed as if little now remained to complete the conquest of the king and to draw him into the Christian fold. This, however, was to be accomplished only by a magnificent stroke of divine power. Christ wished evidently to reserve to Himself the glory of a conversion so ardently desired. The Germans, a warlike and ferocious people of the north, accustomed for some time to make frequent inroads upon the Gallic territory, had determined to strike a final blow in order to render complete their conquest of the Frankish land. Clovis beheld their rapid progress with feelings of consternation. They had already crossed the Rhine in countless numbers and were proceed-

ing to lay siege to his capital. The Frankish king hastened to arrest the torrent, and if possible to drive back their forces across the river. Aided by Sigebert, king of Poland, Clovis encountered the enemy at Tolbiac, about twelve miles from the Rhine. The Germans, although unprepared, were yet desirous of beginning the action at once, feeling, as they did, that under any circumstances their army was invincible. The battle was conducted with great ferocity on both sides and for a long time fate hung in the balance, when suddenly, in the heat of the conflict, King Sigebert was wounded in the knee and carried from the field. This accident discouraged the Poles, who, deprived of their leader, became demoralized, turned and fled. The brunt of the battle, thereupon, fell upon the unaided Franks, who, on this account, as well as from the discouragement of the Poles, which easily communicated itself to their own ranks, began to find it extremely difficult to hold back the enemy. For a time they were wavering, and lost heart and were upon the point of yielding. This was precisely the crisis ordained by the Providence of God in which to manifest His power and to show that He had, indeed, listened to the

prayers of Chlotilda. Seeing Clovis and his army in such dire straits, a certain Aurelianus, who was fighting near the king, turned to him and cried out : “ Sire, now is the time to have recourse to the God of Chlotilda. Now is the moment to fulfil the promises you have so often made.” Clovis in his extremity, awoke within himself the little faith which Chlotilda had inspired in his heart. Ceasing for a moment from the engagement, he lifted up his hands and raised his eyes to God, praying : “ O God of Chlotilda, Christ Jesus, whom she has taught me to call the Son of God, if it be true that such thou art, behold ! the moment is at hand in which to give proof of it and to compel me to believe in thee. I pray thee now for thy aid, and upon the faith of Chlotilda, I hope it from thee, who canst do what thou wilt, and who aidest those that believe in thee. Glorify thyself in me, and show that thou art the true God, more potent than my former gods whom I have invoked and who have failed me in the hour of peril. Give to me this proof and I swear to thee, upon my word of honor, to receive thy baptism and to become a Christian. And I shall hope, by my example, to gain for thee my kingdom, of which thou shall

be king, while I and all others shall be thy servants."

This prayer was heard by the many officers and soldiers who stood around him. It was a spark of fire enkindled, not only in them, but in all the soldiers. Clovis, his generals and the whole army felt a new courage grow up within their hearts, an ardor they had never felt before. The ranks of battle were formed once more and they cast themselves like a hurricane upon the enemy. The Germans, astounded at the sudden onslaught were scattered to the right and left, and fled precipitately. Clovis followed up the pursuit, giving them no time to recover. He drove them across the Rhine, pursued them into their own country; nor did he cease to afflict them until Germany and Bavaria had yielded and rendered the requisite tribute.

This work of the Omnipotent was known to the whole army, and solemn benedictions were poured out to the true God and to his Divine Son. All began to feel the beginnings of faith and love for that Church which taught men blessed knowledge of so good a God.

After composing the affairs of Germany to his

satisfaction, Clovis returned to Rheims, where he immediately began preparations for the fulfilments of his vow. His intention of renouncing the errors of paganism and of submitting to the religion of Christ was accepted by his people with many manifestations of delight. After forty days of penitential exercises and instruction, the date of the baptismal ceremony was fixed for the festival of Christmas. It was determined that the solemnity of that ceremony should be celebrated with all the magnificence worthy of a triumph of Christianity.

When the happy day arrived the city of Rheims gave itself up to the enjoyments of a holiday. The streets leading from the palace to the baptistery were superbly adorned with richest tapestries, embroidered in gold and silver. Bright colored hangings in silk, fringes and festoons ran along the eaves of the houses or depended across the streets from roof to roof. Gaily clothed pages hastened from place to place, ringing a sort of bell whose sound inspired the already excited enthusiasm. Flowers scattered from the many windows gave to the mid-winter air something of the fresh breath of a summer day.

At the appointed time, Clovis, clad in his vesture of royal purple, and holding the hand of the saintly bishop, Remegius, came forth from the palace, followed by the court and the queen. At the head of the procession proceeded a cleric, bearing the cross, while another held in his arms the book of the holy Gospels. After the royal household came the three thousand fortunate ones who had been selected to share that day in the holy waters of baptism, and behind them an immense crowd of people, joining in hymns of joy and gratitude to the good God of the Christians who had called their dear nation to the true faith. In the ceremony of baptism all the usual forms were carried out, the exorcisms, the renunciation of the devil and his works, and the sacred unctions, which being finished, Clovis recited the profession of faith. Singular and memorable were the words which, according to the custom of the time, St. Remegius spoke before immersing the king in the font: "Humiliate thyself, O prince, under the omnipotent hand of God. Adore Him whom thou hast despised and despise those whom thou hast hitherto adored." Finally the king put off his royal adornments and entered three times into the

water. He was then clothed with the white garment, which he was to wear for eight days, as a symbol of the simple infancy and newness of spiritual life acquired by baptism. In this white robe he presented himself at the Holy Sacrifice where for the first time he received from the hands of Remegius, the Body and Blood of Christ. After the king the baptismal waters were poured upon the heads of three thousands of the most prominent personages, including the two sisters of the king.

The good Clovis persevered in the fervor of his religion. He extended his kingdom by new conquest. He gave occasion to the French nation to confess that it owes all its glory and power and all the grandeur to which it has attained, to the bounty of Christ, our Lord, who began its elevation through the conversion of its first Christian king.

The Penance of Theodosius.

Theodosius, the Emperor of the East, was a pious and amiable prince, deserving well of the Church for his solid faith, as well as for his vigorous support of religion in the empire. Unfortunately he was burdened by a court full of unscrupulous counsellors, courtiers and politicians, who only too often contrived to impose upon the good nature of their prince.

Some citizens of Thessalonica had, in a sudden uprising of the people, committed a serious misdeed, which merited an exemplary punishment. St. Ambrose with some other bishops was sent as a mediator to sue for pardon. Theodosius, partly out of reverence for so great and well beloved a prelate, and partly from his own gentleness of disposition, promised forgiveness for the offending city. Afterwards, however, instigated and solicited by his courtiers, who by their specious arguments rekindled his anger, he forgot the faith he had given to the holy bishop. He dispatched to the unfortunate city a force of troops which for three hours committed every sort of cruelty upon

the citizens, putting to death all who could be found and not sparing even the most innocent.

The holy bishop of Milan was filled with inconsolable grief, both for the unfortunate sufferers and for the emperor himself, who with so much injustice and in cold blood had joined hands with death and obscured his own glory. So vehement was his grief that he complained bitterly of the perfidious faithlessness of the emperor. He could not allow such a misdeed to pass with impunity even in a sovereign, and especially in a son so tenderly beloved. Hearing, therefore, that Theodosius was coming to Milan, he departed from the city, hoping by such tacit and mild reproof, to awaken the conscience of the prince, rather than be compelled to meet him with bitter reproaches.

On the night of his departure God sent to the saint this vision. He seemed to see Theodosius entering, as was his custom, the church for the Divine Sacrifice. But the saint imagined that he could not perform the Holy Mass on account of the presence of the emperor. From this vision he understood that Theodosius should be subjected to public penance. He dispatched to the emperor a letter in which, after having, with priestly liberty,

demonstrated the atrocious injustice of his act and its cruelty, he showed how he could not hope for salvation hereafter except through tears and repentance. "You are a man," he added, "and your fault only demonstrates the weakness of your nature. It remains for you now, by an act of glorious justice, to prove yourself greater than your weakness and to show that you esteem virtue and right more than yourself. No angel, not even the seraphim can cancel your sin. God alone, who was offended, can pardon and reconcile the sinner to himself, but his pardon is for those only who humiliate themselves by penance. Perform your penance, therefore, sire, courageously, for that alone can secure your eternal salvation. I myself sympathize with you, for it wounds my heart to see the extremity to which you allowed yourself to be led. Oh, God ! and I say it with tears in my eyes, you who were once a model of piety and gentleness among princes, you who scrupled to cause the death of those even who merited it. I find you cold and insensible to remorse even for the death of so many innocent ones. What has changed you so ? You were once glorious for your victories, renowned for your valor, your discretion,

and your noble enterprises; but your greatest glory was your piety, your virtue and your gentleness of heart. The evil spirit was envious of so much worth, and has robbed you of that precious quality which alone made you the delight of your people and of the whole world. I beg you, in the name of God, overcome now that which has overcome you, blot out this stain and restore your name to its former lustre. In the meantime, while you will live in penance, in which you will have my sympathy, do not presume to mingle with the faithful at the Divine Sacrifice. Know too, that God himself has commanded me thus to admonish you. Content yourself for the present with the sacrifice of humiliation, of tears and of repentance. Beware not to excite further the justice of God by despising the commands of his church!"

When St. Ambrose returned to Milan he found the emperor little moved by his reproaches and menaces. The prince had become obstinate in his error, and even determined in spite of the command of the holy bishop, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice with the rest of the faithful. But the saint feared God more than imperial power, and loved the soul above all the honors of Theodosius.

The following day Ambrose learned that the emperor, followed by his court, was on the way toward the church. The saint hurried to the doors of the vestibule clad in the robes of his pontifical office. As the emperor approached, he was confronted by Ambrose, who with a grave countenance and in a clear voice, said to him : "Is it possible, sire, that after calm reflection, and after my admonitions you do not comprehend the gravity of the sin committed by you in the massacre of Thessalonica ? Has the splendor of your crown so blinded you that judge the relations of things, that you do not know even yourself ? Understand, therefore, from me, that you are only a man like all others ; that like your humblest people you are subject to the Supreme Lord of all, to the Omnipotent God. And since you have outraged Him so cruelly, do you dare to come into His presence, to participate in the Body and Blood of His Son, without first having been reconciled ? Can I permit it ; can you dare to take into hands stained with innocent blood, the sacred flesh of the Lamb of God ? How can your soul permit you to put your lips upon the chalice of the Precious Blood, you who in the blindness of anger so far forgot

every law as to shed innocent human blood at Thessalonica? Go away from this altar of peace! Add not a new and greater crime to that already committed! Accept the medicine of penance offered you by the great Ruler of the universe for your soul's salvation!" Theodosius endeavored to excuse himself by the example of David, who was himself a sinner and a homicide. "It is well," rejoined Ambrose, "you have imitated David in his sin; now imitate him in his repentance."

The heart of the emperor was touched by the courageous spirit of the bishop; he acknowledged the divine authority that spoke through his words. He accepted the public penance imposed by the saint, and casting himself with all his imperial ornaments upon the ground, he confessed his sin. He begged pardon of God for his offence, and of the people for the scandal he had given. Then in all the confusion of humiliation he returned in tears to his palace.

For eight months he remained in the seclusion of his home, humiliated, weeping bitterly, excluded from the church and from the Divine Mysteries and calling upon the mercy of God. One day a certain Ruffinus, a member of his household, sur-

prised the emperor as he was giving way to his sorrow in a flood of tears, and he begged to know the reason for so much grief. "You ask why I am sad?" replied Theodosius. "Have I not reason to be! Do you know of a more miserable fate than mine! Behold, the church is open to all the faithful, to slaves and the beggar; there every man and woman may enter to praise God and receive the holy oblations. I alone am excluded; to me alone those precious graces are denied." Ruffinus endeavored to comfort his master. "Permit me," he said, "to go to Ambrose and beg for your absolution." "You deceive yourself," answered the prince, "you will obtain nothing. You do not know Ambrose. He is not a man who can be won by prayer, by fear, or any other human means, to yield in the least when his conscience had determined what he should do." Nevertheless, Ruffinus approached the holy bishop with his petition. It was all in vain, for Ambrose rejected his proposals with strong terms, and bade him go back to his master and tell him that he should not move from his palace.

Theodosius determined, therefore, to try what he could do himself. Despite the warning of the

saint he set out from the palace and betook himself to the church. He did not, however, dare to enter the sacred edifice, but proceeded to a room in the house of the bishop near by. Here he met with Ambrose, and humbly begged the saint to restore him once more to the communion of the Church. The bishop at first reproved him as if he were guilty of a violation of ecclesiastical laws and disobedient. But perceiving his humility, the fervor of his contrition and his readiness to execute any command of the Church, he opened his arms and pressed him to his heart. He released him gladly from the bonds of excommunication and conducted him back to the church. Here the good emperor prostrated himself upon the ground, and with tears of repentance prayed to God for the pardon of his sin.

Ambrose, before pronouncing his entire absolution, imposed upon him as a medicinal penance that whenever he should pronounce a law or a sentence of confiscation or death it should not go into effect before the lapse of thirty days, thereby removing all danger of precipitate action.

The emperor returned to his palace with a mind at rest. The plaudits of the joyous multi-

tudes rang not so sweetly in his ears as the echo of those words which the Church, after her divine founder, addresses to her repentant children: "Go, and sin no more." The life of Theodosius thenceforth bore out the sincerity of his contrition, for it bore no record of deeds unworthy of a child of God's Holy Church.

The Huns and the Vandals.

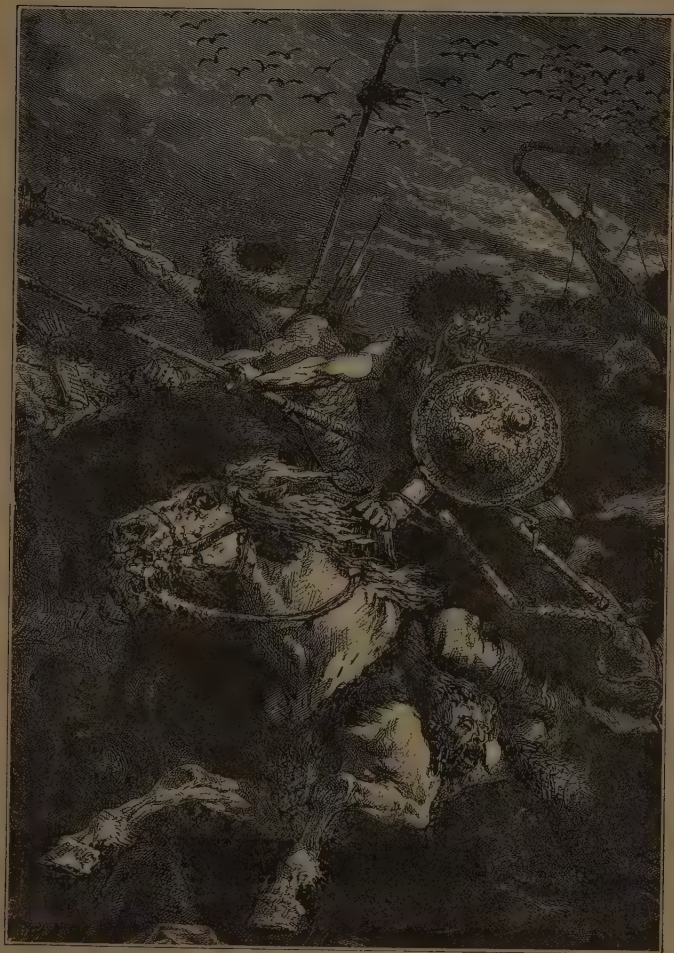
Fifth Century.

Attila, king of the Huns, after having many times assailed the Roman empire, finally, during the pontificate of St. Leo the Great, with an immense army of more than half a million men, descended upon the French land, oppressing the Christian provinces, partly by the sword and partly by the fear of his name. Entering Gaul on the feast of Holy Saturday, he sacked and burned the city of Metz. After this he turned his fury against Troyes, the spiritual ruler of which city was the holy bishop, St. Lupus, an ecclesiastic so much venerated at the time that he won from his age the title, "Father of France." Forewarned of the near approach of the formidable enemy, he went forth, vested in pontifical robes, to meet him, and asked him: "Who art thou that dost overcome so many kings and nations, that ruineth so many cities and subdueth the world?" Attila proudly replied: "I am the king of the Huns, Attila, the scourge of God." "And who is there among us," resumed the saint, "that can resist

the scourge of God? Very well, then, be the scourge of God, but use that scourge only as God wishes." Attila, moved by such expressive resignation to God, yielded to his intercessions and spared the city; but as he moved away he took the holy bishop with him as the guide and protector of his army.

Attila next proceeded against Paris. In that city the terrified inhabitants had recourse to the prayers of St. Genevieve, the humble virgin of Nanterre, who became the patroness and mother of the city. Under her care the city was strongly fortified, the citizens invigorated with new courage and every preparation made to resist the invaders. God, however, had listened to the petitions of his handmaid, and averted from the place the awful accompaniments of a siege. Attila, before reaching Paris, by some inscrutable inspiration, turned the direction of his march and proceeded against Orleans, near which was fought the battle that saved France from his fury.

Some of the details of this famous engagement are given by Darras in his "History of the Church": "This city, which seemed marked out for miraculous deliverances, was then governed by



ATTILA AT CHALONS.

the holy bishop, St. Aignan, to whom it owed its safety. He had been able to go to Arles and solicit help from Aëtius, the Roman general. Just as Orleans was on the point of opening its gates to the besiegers, the combined armies of Aëtius and Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, came within sight of the walls. Attila, foaming with rage, raised the siege, and on the plain of Chalons sought a field in which he could display his forces and meet his opponents. The confederates counted a body of Franks, commanded by their prince, Meroveus. The two armies, now encamped face to face, numbered about a million warriors. They met; and then ensued one of the bloodiest battles that crimson the pages of history. Three hundred thousand slain encumbered the field; a little neighboring stream was swelled like a torrent by the quantity of blood that flowed into its channel. Theodoric fell, but his valor had won the victory for the allies. Attila was utterly defeated and recrossed the Rhine in hasty flight."

The next year, 452, Attila, with renewed confidence, invaded Italy. He captured Aquilleia and razed it to the ground; he destroyed the royal cities of Ticinus and Milan. While he was in the

latter city the conqueror had occasion to see some pictures representing the Roman Cæsars in the act of stamping with their feet upon the people of Tartary, whence he drew his origin. These he disfigured, and in their place substituted pictures of himself on a golden throne and at his feet, in suppliant attitude, the Roman emperors with sacks of money upon their backs in the act of opening them, thereby alluding to the tribute which he imposed upon the Emperor Theodosius. Thence like a devastating storm he passed through Lombardy, directing his march toward Rome, that he might raise on the ruins of the world's metropolis the throne of his new empire. St. Leo, ever watchful for the safety of his flock, as soon as he learned of the approach of the barbarians, went out to meet them. At the confluence of the Mincio and the Po he came upon the invader. The conference was of short duration. Attila had already heard much of the saintly life and learning of the Holy Father and it was a question which at that moment most impressed the other. On one side was universal power, flushed with conquest and supported by hundreds of thousands of battle-tried warriors; on the other a feeble bishop, whose

present following might be swept away at one impetus of the enemy. Yet the strong force of the spirituality of Leo, with an almost mesmeric influence, impressed itself upon the purely material soul of the conqueror. Attila listened reverently to the eloquent appeal of the Pope and yielded readily to his request. He turned his armies back towards the lands across the Alps, nor did his sword again bring terror to the Italian peoples. He crossed the Danube to the German land, where he died the following year, 453.

The indulgence of Heaven had only spared the Eternal City for a time. The feeling of safety inspired by the news of Attila's death had scarcely taken possession of the hearts of the people when new complications arose to cause its disturbance. Aëtius who had so bravely opposed the scourge of God in the battle of Charlons had contrived to render himself hateful to the Roman emperor, Valentinian III. One day the latter summoned the general to his presence to reprove him for his behavior. A heated argument arose, and, in the excess of passion thus caused, the emperor drew his sword and passed it through the body of Aëtius.

“Sire,” said one of the courtiers, standing by, “you have cut off your right hand with your left.” The event proved the saying to be true. A few days later Maximus, a senator who aspired to the imperial throne, assassinated Valentinian, assumed the purple and compelled Eudoxia, the deceased emperor’s queen, to receive his hand still red with her husband’s blood. Eudoxia determined to avenge the death of Valentinian, and for this purpose called to her aid the Vandals of Africa. Genserik, their king, desired nothing better than the conquest of that city which alone withstood the terrible power of the Huns, and therefore, in the mid-year of 455, set sail for Rome with an immense army.

The tidings of his approach filled the hearts of the Romans with indescribable terror. Maximus, the usurper, was one of the first to fly before the coming storm ; but his cowardice received its reward before he could set out from Rome. Some of his attendants, disgusted at his weakness of soul, murdered him, cut his body to pieces and threw the mangled members into the Tiber.

Meanwhile Genserik was hastening on toward the fated city, spreading death and devastation

around him as he went. No one was found to oppose his progress save the Roman pontiff, the same Leo I who had once before resisted the pretensions of Attila. The Holy Father went forth from the city and meeting the invader, appealed for the safety of Rome. The courageous spirit necessary for such a demand can best be appreciated from the relations of the two eminent personages interested. St. Leo represented the loyal Catholic church with all its unchanging traditions and doctrines ; Génseric was the embodiment of Arian hatred toward the Catholic name. It would be safe to say that no sweeter pleasure could earth afford the sanguinary tyrant than that of viewing the extermination of the papacy in the person of its present incumbent. It was, therefore, with no good grace that he listened to the earnest petition of the Pope. Yet there was a grace and a charm, coupled with majestic dignity, in the appearance of the saint that quite overcame the hatred of the conqueror. He would not yield to all the demands of Leo ; yet the triumph of the Word over the sword was sufficiently illustrious in the ample concessions made by Génseric. He consented to spare the lives and honor of the unfortunate Romans

and to protect the public monuments. More than this he would not yield and lest room might be given for further persuasion he set at once to pillage the city. For fourteen days the sack continued. The city was robbed of its most valuable adornments and treasures. Vast amounts of bronzes were loaded upon ships and sent down the Tiber to the sea. Gold and silver ornaments in profusion, even the famous vases taken by Titus from the temple of Jerusalem were piled together and carried off. Many noble Romans, amongst them the Empress Eudoxia, were hurried away into African captivity. Rome itself would have fallen forever did it not owe its preservation to this second exhibition of courage on the part of the Roman pontiff, St. Leo I.

Attila and Genseric were but two of the long list of barbarians who made Rome, at this period, their pillage ground. Goths and Huns and Vandals, whether from the north, the east, or the south, they seemed to have swept down, as if from an avenging heaven, upon the enfeebled empire. Pillage and rapine, conflagration and death followed in their tracks. Rome held out nobly against the uneven odds as long as she responded to the

papacy. The fall came in the year, 476, when Odoacer, the Goth, drove the last Roman emperor, Romulus Augustulus, into exile and had himself proclaimed king of Italy. The empire vanished; the Church remained to civilize the conquerors.

St. Patrick at Tara.

A. D. 433.

It was in Holy Week of the year 433. King Laeghaire and his court were preparing for the great pagan festival of the Fes of Tara. The subordinate kings of the surrounding country, as well as the priests and Druids of the old superstition, were gathered together for the performance of their mystic rites, when the news was brought that the high priest of a strange religion was approaching with the intention of introducing his doctrines even into the palace of the king. Little heed, however, was paid to the announcement, partly because the excitement of the coming festivities had driven all other thoughts from the minds of the courtiers, and partly, out of a feeling of contempt at the thought that an expedition composed of a few men should dream of invading the very stronghold of the Druidical religion.

St. Patrick, however, who had already spent a year on Irish soil, had learned to some advantage the nature and disposition of these very races with which he was now to come into contact. His

expedition could not be called foolhardy, though he comprehended well enough that it called for risks at which many might feel terrified. At all events he had come to Ireland prepared for the worst, even to the loss of his life, provided only he might succeed in sowing seed that would germinate into the life of the faith. He had long hoped for an opportunity of planting the blessed cross upon the walls of Tara. He knew that it was here, more than anywhere else, that the blow must be struck which would begin the destruction of Druidical power in the whole island. It was therefore with a feeling of confidence, inspired, no doubt, by divine grace, that he took up his position at Magh-Bregh, in Meath near the royal residence of Tara.

During the Holy Week, St. Patrick, with some of his followers, left Slane and advanced toward Tara, resting during the night upon a grassy plain. It was the evening for the lighting of the Paschal fire, a Christian ceremony which the saint even in the loneliness of a strange land could not permit himself to neglect. He was ignorant at the same time that a law of the Druids forbade the kindling of any light upon that night before the first fire of

Tara was seen through the darkness. St. Patrick, in accordance with his time-honored custom, scarce waited till the shadows of evening had fallen before he gathered together the dry materials and heaping them into a mass, applied the spark. The enkindled wood soon burst into flame and its bright light began to send its rays in all directions. The king, looking down from the height of Tara, beheld what seemed to him a sacrilege and a defiance of his royal authority. He sent for the Druids and in angry tones demanded who they might be that dared to disobey the law. The Druids were no less terror stricken than the king was furious. Consulting their books they answered the king that this was no common fire, but that it imported much to the safety of himself and the Druidical religion. "If this light is not extinguished before morning," they said, "it will never be extinguished and that man who has lighted it will be exalted above kings and princes." The king in his anger determined to proceed at once to the plain to capture the offender and to destroy the fire. Mounting his chariot before the break of day he set out to meet the saint, declaring his determination to put him to death. Laeghaire found

the holy bishop, with his companions, kneeling in prayer about the fire, and would have killed him upon the spot had not his priests warned him not to touch the fire. He therefore contented himself with sending for the saint, at the same time commanding that no one should rise up to meet him.

Laeghaire and his counsellors seated themselves upon the grass and awaited in silence. At length the saint approached, chanting, as he walked, the words of the psalm: "Some put their trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will call upon the name of the Lord, our God." The royal party remained seated in mute discourtesy, one only rising up before him, and he was Erc, son of Dega. Patrick blessed this man and he believed in God.

There was among the followers of the king a man of the name of Luchru, a heathen priest, whose magical arts had gained for him an ascendancy over the people. Like Simon Magus of old, he challenged the saint to a comparison of supernatural powers, and although Patrick was averse to enter into competition with a petty mountebank, yet for the sake of the souls that might be won by an exhibition of God's power as

manifested in his children, he consented. The magician, among other things, boasted that he could rise to heaven. His word was accepted, and in the sight of all he was seen ascending from the earth. But, in the meanwhile, the holy bishop prayed to God, and in the midst of his prayer the impostor fell to the ground. King Laeghaire was furious at the failure of his favorite magician, and, drawing his sword, attempted to strike the saint. But Patrick called upon the Lord in the words of Holy Scripture: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be dispersed, and let them that hate Him fly before his face." God heard the prayer of his servant, and in answer sent a violent storm, with terrible darkness, so that the royal party in their terror and confusion turned their swords against each other.

King Laeghaire was amazed at the result of St. Patrick's prayer; but his heart was too strongly hardened to the superstitions of his race to yield even before the most amazing evidence. He attributed the miraculous gifts of the saint to magic, and upon such a theory deemed it only a matter of strategy to entrap him and put him to death. As it was Holy Saturday, he determined to dis-

simulate his enmity and invited the saint to visit him the next day. In the meantime, he had posted men along all the roads that led from Slane to Tara, whose duty it should be to surprise the saint in an ambush. The holy bishop, knowing this treacherous intention of the king, nevertheless set out upon the road to the palace. There were with him eight clerics and the boy Benen, who carried the sacred books. The procession wended its way slowly over the road, under the shadow of the uplifted crucifix, and singing in a low voice the hymns of the Paschal season, and that beautiful litany of invocation entitled, "The Breastplate of St. Patrick." They reached the royal palace, unperceived by the vigilant scouts, on the morning of Easter Sunday.

The king at the time was at table in his vast dining hall, endeavoring to drown, in deep potations, the humiliations of the preceding day, when the saint appeared suddenly in his presence. The astonished king and his companions were filled with confusion; yet they invited the saint to sit at the feast and offered him a goblet of ale. The contents of the vessel had been previously mingled with poison, and all looked eagerly to see the

unwelcome guest drink of it to his destruction. St. Patrick, however, taking the goblet into his hand, blessed it ; then turning it over poured out the poison upon the ground. The perpetrators of this piece of treachery dissembled their disappointment, and out of all the company present only two rejoiced at the saint's escape. These were the poets Dulhtach and Fiacc. They were secretly in sympathy with the saint, and their souls had long grown weary of the impostures of the Druid priests.

After the completion of the feast the whole party adjourned to the plain near Tara, where instead of the usual games, it was proposed to try the powers of the saint. Many remarkable miracles were worked that day in the presence of the assembled multitude, in all of which the power of God shone out with singular lustre.

We will end the details of this incident in the words of the Bollandists : “ The heart of King Laeghaire was hardened against the commands of God, after the manner of Pharaoh in the presence of Moses, for in spite of all these miracles, he did not fear to arouse the wrath of the Most High God, or to irritate his servant, Patrick.” He

strove again to cause the death of the saint. “ But the Omnipotent God, the supreme protector and defender of his own, armed the zeal of the creature against these senseless idolaters. For in obedience to its avenging Lord, the earth opened and engulfed them, with many of their supporters from amongst the people of Teamhrach ; as it is written : ‘ Hell opened its mouth and they were taken down, as it were, in life.’ The survivors, and all that dwelt in that land, beholding and understanding these things, being aghast and stricken with a great fear, believed in Christ, and came without delay to receive baptism, fearing that a like punishment should fall upon themselves.

“ The terrified king, falling at the feet of St. Patrick, implored mercy, and promised obedience for the future to all his commands. The compassionate father mercifully forgave all the wrongs done to himself ; but although he spent a long time in teaching him the faith of the Lord Jesus, he never could bring him to baptism. So the saint dismissed him, that, using his own free will he might go according to the inventions of his own heart, lest he should seem to compel him to receive the faith. Nevertheless, by an interior revelation,

he openly declared to him the things which were coming upon himself and his descendants : ‘ Because,’ he said, ‘ you have ever resisted my teaching, continuing to cause me sorrow beyond all measure, scorning the faith of the Creator of all things, thou art the son of death, and even more than your followers you deserve even now to begin your eternal punishment ; but as you have come to me humbly asking forgiveness, and since, like King Achab, you have humbled yourself before my God, the Lord will not bring upon you at once the evils you have merited, but none of your seed after you shall ascend the throne ; your younger brother shall believe in my God, and his seed shall rule for ages.’ The queen believed in Christ, and receiving baptism and the blessing of Patrick, made a holy death in the Lord. Then Patrick passed through the whole country, baptising believers in the name of the Holy Trinity, and God was his helper and confirmed his word by the signs which followed.”

Coronation of Charlemagne.

A. D. 800.

Leo, the Isaurian, emperor of the East, for his protection of the Iconoclasts, or image-breakers, was excommunicated by Gregory II. The same pontiff at the same time released the Italians from their oath of fealty to that emperor, and from all tributes exacted by him. Many Latin lords, thereupon, set up for themselves private signories, and the whole Roman duchy, by a deed of the people, spontaneously subjected itself, about the year 730, to the Roman pontiff. This was the beginning of the temporal dominion of the Roman church.

The Lombards from Upper Italy set their eyes upon the new dominion and made preparations for its invasion. Gregory II, as well as Gregory III, called upon Charles Martell, major-domo of the king of the Franks. He responded generously with his aid, and in recompense received from Gregory III the dignity of patrician of Rome, an office which carried with it the obligation of sustaining the rights of the Roman church and of defending the cause of the Holy See and of the

city of Rome. The same motive later induced Pope Stephen III to invoke the aid of Pepin, son of Charles and king of the Franks, against Astolphus, king of the Lombards. The exertions of Pepin not only consolidated the position of the Pope, but increased the domains of the Roman pontiff. Pepin was consecrated king by Stephen III, together with his sons Charlemagne and Carloman, and all three were declared Roman patricians,—protectors and defenders of the Holy Apostolic See. Charlemagne began to make use of his title in his official documents, and at the invitation of Adrian I visited Rome, vested solemnly in the robes of his office.

In 795, at the death of Adrian, Leo III was unanimously elected to the papal throne, and at the instance of Charlemagne confirmed the title of patrician. Four years later, Pasqual and Campolus, two malcontents, dissatisfied at the exaltation of Leo, entered into a conspiracy against the life of the Pope. They caused him to be arrested and thrown, half dead, into prison, whence he was fortunately liberated after a few days, and restored to the Vatican. There he fortunately met with the ambassadors of Charlemagne and related to

them the difficulties of his present position. The ambassadors, thereupon, invited to Rome Winigisus, duke of Spoleto, who hastened to the city with a large contingent of troops. The Holy Father accepted the aid of the generous duke, and leaving Rome with him retired to Spoleto, whence he proceeded toward Gaul to meet Charlemagne and to beg for his protection, as patrician of Rome. The king received him at Paderborn with every mark of honor, and showed his horror at the crimes of Pasqual and Campolus. The latter, however, were not tardy in defending their action, to which defense they endeavored to give strength by uttering calumnies and falsehoods against the good name of the Pope.

Charlemagne caused the Holy Father to be restored to Rome, sending with him as an accompaniment five hundred commissaries, two archbishops, five bishops and three counts, commanding them to investigate the affair. After arriving in Rome and having examined the accusations, they found them inconsistent and false. The two calumniators were arrested and sent under guard to the king. These events transpired during the year 799.

In the fall of the year following Charlemagne came himself to Rome, and congregating together in St. Peter's, at the command of the Pope, the archbishops, bishops, abbots and all the Roman and Frankish nobility, he caused a discussion upon the falsehoods and impostures arraigned against the Pope. Not only the king, but the whole assembly declared that the Holy See, as the primacy, could not be judged by anyone, nor did they desire to give judgment over the same supreme see. Thereupon, Leo III ascended to the tribune with the Book of the Holy Gospels in his hand, and invoking the name of the Most Holy Trinity, declared his innocence, an act which was accepted by all as a final justification.

Leo III from the very day of his exaltation to the supreme pontificate had proposed to him an entire separation from the Eastern empire. He had long known that the intention of the Greeks was only to hold the Romans in subjection, although they had already, for many years, been liberated from all obedience in regard to the government of Constantinople. Moreover, the power of the Greek emperors was degenerating from day to day, making it fatal for those whose misfortune

caused them to be dependant upon its mercy. When therefore, Charlemagne came to Rome at the close of the year 800, the Holy Father conceived the design of declaring him emperor and king of the Romans, holding, as he did, the emperors of the East as legitimately deprived of all rights through the heresy of the Iconoclasts. He desired, moreover, to renew the Western empire, which had fallen three hundred years before, under its last emperor, Augustulus. For this purpose he called together a convention of the prelates and nobles of Rome and laid before them his proposition. It was accepted eagerly, and the arrangements were at once made for its execution. It was determined that the matter should be kept secret from the king himself, that his gratification might be the more enhanced by the suddenness of the surprise.

The great festival of Christmas followed in a few days. The Holy Father on that day entered into St. Peter's with unusual pomp, surrounded by his cardinals, prelates and Roman magistrates. He was met by the king, followed by his suite of French nobility. The meeting of the Pope and the king in the ancient basilica was greeted by the

acclamations of the populace, who had gathered at the Tomb of the Apostles for their devotions.

The Pope ascending the altar, turned to the king and invited him to ascend to meet him. As he came near, with head bowed down in attitude of veneration, the Holy Father took into his hands a rich crown, and, while the applauding multitude gave noisy vent to their joy, he placed the diadem upon the head of the king. "Long live Charles Augustus!" shouted the people, "the great and peaceful emperor of the Romans, crowned by God."

Charlemagne, taken by surprise at this unexpected action, hesitated for a moment as to whether he should accept this sublime dignity, when the acclamations of the populace were renewed with greater tumult, and the king, unable longer refuse so generous a testimonial, bowed his head and received the crown. The Holy Father then anointed the king and invested him with the imperial mantle. Charlemagne swore on his part that he would ever remain the protector and defender of the Holy Church, and the Pope ratified the title of hereditary emperor in all his posterity, and with Apostolic authority renewed the empire of the West, declaring Charlemagne its head.

Pope St. Gregory the Seventh.

I.

It may well be doubted if the whole range of Catholic history presents a nobler or more inspiring figure than that of Pope Gregory VII. Born in the beginning of the eleventh century, his active life included the career of five popes, whose policies were actuated by his irresistible influence. Long before his exaltation to the papal chair his name had become a power in the courts of kings as well as behind the chancel of the altar. He had persuaded Leo IX to renounce the pontifical insignia until it should be conferred by the vote of the Roman church. He had aided Popes Nicholas II and Alexander II in framing and executing decrees aimed against investiture, the crowning evil of the age. Had he never changed his name from Hildebrand to Gregory VII he yet would have left upon his time an impress remarkable even to our day. He it was of whom Napoleon said : " If I were not Napoleon I should wish to be Gregory VII."

Elected to the papacy on the 26th of March,

in the year 1073, Gregory began at once the great labor of his life. Even the mode of his election is by some described as miraculous. The choice of Hildebrand was certainly unanimous, both among clergy and people. He determined from the very start to make himself worthy of his great trust. His life object was the exaltation of God's church, the elevation of the clergy, and the liberties of the people. To effect these he spared no effort; he even sacrificed his health and life.

Much, however, as the saintly pontiff strove for the accomplishment of good, there were not wanting those whose every effort was directed to the destruction of his plans. Foremost among them, Henry IV, king of the Germans, united in his own person all that hatred of the Church and love of evil could inspire. If Gregory had determined to destroy the injustice of investiture, Henry as vehemently strove for its preservation; if the Pope would defend the sanctity of the priestly vow, Henry would as strongly assault the legality of celibacy; if the Holy Father would declare for the liberties of oppressed peoples, Henry would endeavor to burden them all the more. Gregory VII was the Moses of his time; Henry

was its Nero. Archbishop Spaulding wrote of this tyrant: "Perhaps a greater monster never disgraced a throne. To obtain the objects of his criminal passions he stopped at nothing,—husbands, fathers, or lovers were removed by assassination. He knew how to refine on cruelty: he could smile on you one day and have a dagger sent to your heart the next. In adversity he was the meanest of sycophants, the most crouching of slaves. When flushed with victory he was the most ferocious of tyrants,—crushing and trampling in the dust those who had already submitted. He was as perfidious as he was cruel. He could be bound neither by treaties the most solemn nor by oaths the most sacred. In one word he was the Nero of the Middle Ages, and his contemporaries gave him this title." This was the man whose fondest thought was the destruction of papal power, especially as it lay in the hands of St. Gregory VII.

For a long time the opposition of the German king was exercised or retained by fits and starts. Now his voice would be raised in loud protest against what he would term the interference of Hildebrand; again his proud head would bow in

servile submission to an authority which he hated. He would profess entire obedience to the demands of the Holy Father, while at the same time he took care that the wishes of the same pontiff should be disregarded upon every occasion. He strove to depose St. Gregory, but failed in the attempt. He determined to effect by murder what diplomacy was unable to bring about.

An impious fellow, a certain Cencius, a man whose utter disregard of all moral principles had given him a reputation the most evil, he seemed a fit instrument in the hands of the unscrupulous king. With the aid of the infamous Guibert Correggia and Count Robert Guiscard, a plot was concocted whereby the Holy Father was to be taken by surprise and assassinated at once if he could not be delivered alive into the hands of his royal enemy. The blow was to be stricken by Cencius, who would receive in compensation for his services the chancellorship of the German kingdom. Towards the end of December, in the year 1075, the conspirators gathered together in Rome, awaited the favorable moment for the execution of their project.

The night of Christmas Eve had settled upon

Rome ; cold, dark and stormy. The falling sleet whistling along the streets, over the slippery pavements, made travelling difficult, and in places, almost impossible. It was the night, however, when the Pope, according to custom, should repair to the great church of St. Mary Major to perform the Holy Sacrifice near the remains of the Sacred Crib of Our Lord. The Mass was attended but by few of the faithful, scarcely anyone being present besides the Pope and his ministers. The Holy Sacrifice proceeded in the usual manner, without interruption, until after the time of the Holy Communion. Then as the Holy Father was standing before the altar contemplating with feelings of thanksgiving the presence of the Sacramental Lord within his bosom, a loud noise was heard from the farther end of the church. The great doors were burst open, and before the terrified bystanders could comprehend its meaning, Cencius, with his body of desperadoes, was already within the sacred edifice. With shouts of triumph the ruffians rushed through the church, striking down mercilessly all who opposed. Nearing the altar they darted upon the person of the Holy Father. While one tore from him the sacred vestments,

another spat into his face, and Cencius himself, added the crowning insult by lifting his sword and bringing it down with cruel force upon the aged forehead of St. Gregory. Streaming with his blood, stripped of his garments, and like his Divine Lord in like circumstances, uttering no word of reproach, the good pontiff was hurried away from the church, through the icy streets to the castle of Cencius. Here he was to be kept over night, so that when morning should dawn he might be taken away from the city and delivered into the custody of King Henry.

The news of the outrage spread in a few minutes throughout the entire city. The bells rang out wildly from every tower. The citizens gathered to arms, while the nobles hurried to guard the city gates. Before morning it was ascertained that the captive Pope was being held in the castle of Cencius. Thither the throngs of excited people hurried, and as the sun arose over the distant mountain tops it looked down upon a scene of fury such as it had seldom witnessed. With no other leader than an overpowering indignation the mob stormed against the gates of the castle. Battering rams were constructed and brought to bear upon

the walls. A breach was made, and amidst the confusion of tumbling bricks and mortar the crowd dashed with wild cries into the interior court, demanding the instant liberation of the Pope. In vain did Gregory, appearing upon one of the balconies, endeavor to appease the awful tempest. His appeals only added fuel to the fire and he went back sadly to where Cencius was awaiting him in an inner room. The poor wretch, thoroughly frightened, had fallen upon his knees and with most cowardly vehemence implored the Holy Father to pardon him. This the Pope consented to do upon the sacred oath of Cencius that he would really repent and promise to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem as a penance for his crime. Such promise, in a moment of imminent danger, was easily given; subsequent events proved that it was never made to be kept.

Finally the Pope was borne out of his confinement, and carried in triumph, amid the jubilant songs of the Romans, to the Campidoglio, where he completed the interrupted Mass, while the people gave thanks to God for the safety of their beloved pontiff.

II.

The unsuccessful outcome of Cencius' conspiracy, far from taming the hostile spirit of Henry IV, only served to encourage it all the more. The year 1076 was marked by renewed and more audacious abuses. Day by day the clouds of the gathering storm grew more sombre and threatening. The tempest burst at length when the king, in an impudent letter demanded of Gregory that he depose and excommunicate the bishops of Saxony. The Pope replied in calm, but rigorous terms. He reproached the king for his termerity in ignoring the laws of the Church in regard to investiture, of his utter recklessness in the choice of incumbents for episcopal sees, and of many other disorders laid to his charge by a disgusted people. At the head of his letter the Pope placed these significant words: "To King Henry, health and Apostolic benediction if he will yield to the Holy See the obedience due to it from all Christians."

Again Gregory wrote to the king, demanding the release of the bishops imprisoned upon the charge of excommunication, declaring that it belonged to the Holy See alone to judge as to who

should merit such penalty. He declared, moreover, that if the king should remain contumacious to the decrees of the Pope, it would be necessary to unsheath the sword of St. Peter and drive him from the bosom of the Church.

Henry now understood fully the utter folly of hoping to gain the Pope's connivance in his iniquitous designs. He therefore convoked a diet at Goslar in which, while pretending to execute the commands of Gregory by liberating the famous Otto of Nordheim, he yet gave evidence of his disregard for papal menaces by nominating to the see of Cologne an unworthy person.

In the meantime a papal legate approached Henry, bearing another communication from the sovereign pontiff. In it the king was cited to appear before a council to be held in Rome, where he might answer to the accusations brought against him by the Saxons. If he should refuse he should be accounted a rebel and be deprived of the rights of Catholic communion. The message of the legate excited the soul of Henry to the highest pitch of fury. He determined thenceforth to combat the Pope in the open. Gathering together at Worms the disaffected prelates of his kingdom,

the excommunicated, the Simoniacs and Nicholaites, he convoked a council wherein it was determined to oppose the Pope with his own weapons. After adjudging the saintly pontiff guilty of various misdeeds, accusations trumped up for the occasion, they compiled a decree of deposition, to which all present lent the authority of their signatures, that of the king leading all the rest.

Henry, now assured of success, hastened to gather to his cause the disaffected portions of Italy, and even dared to present his audacious proposals to the very Romans. He dispatched letters to the Pope and to the Roman church. In the former he put the words: "I pronounce you fallen from all the rights of the papacy which you have usurped, and I command you to descend from the throne of that city of which the free suffrages of the people have created me patrician." To the Romans he wrote bidding them to drive from the throne "Hildebrand, the tyrant, the usurper of the Holy See, a traitor to the empire and a plotter against my own and the general welfare."

This letter was entrusted to the care of one Roland, a renegade priest of Parma, who was to bear it to the Romans and to Gregory VII. Ro-

land arrived at Rome just as the Pope was presiding at a council in the Vatican. Bursting into the midst of the assembly the unworthy cleric addressed the Holy Father, saying that the king, his lord, and all the Ultramontane and Italian bishops commanded him to descend from the throne of St. Peter, which he only held by usurpation, since no one should exalt himself to rule over the Universal Church before having been elected by the bishops and confirmed by the patrician of Rome. Then addressing the assembled clerics, he warned them that before the day of Pentecost, they should appear in the presence of King Henry IV to receive from his hand the real pontiff, since Hildebrand was nothing else than a rapacious wolf.

As the adventurer finished his message, a feeling of indignation took possession of the hearts of all present. The soldiers drew their swords and would have dispatched the wretch upon the spot. but for the timely intervention of the Holy Father, who descended from his place and defended him with his own body. Then, addressing the angry throng he begged them not to shed human blood, but to await with courage the hour of persecution,

to prepare for martyrdom, nor to allow any peril to separate them from the love of their God. Then taking the letter addressed to him by the king, he read: "Henry, not by usurpation, but by the will of God, king of Germany, to Hildebrand, not pope, but deceitful monk." The tumult caused by the reading of this message was so great that Gregory was obliged to adjourn the council until the following day.

At the next meeting Gregory at first proposed measures of conciliation and mercy toward the unhappy king; but his propositions were met with a torrent of opposition. The assembled fathers, one hundred and ten in number, arose as one man and conjured the Pope to unsheath the sword of St. Peter, to excommunicate the rebellious monarch; they swore, in return, never to abandon the Holy Father even at the price of martyrdom.

Gregory then arose amid the acclamations of the synod and pronounced the terrible sentence of excommunication against Henry IV, king of Germany, in these words: "Firmly confident that the vicar of Jesus Christ can bind and loose, here below, what is bound or loosed in Heaven, and actuated, not by human counsel, but by the honor



ST. GREGORY VII.

and safety of the Church, I, the lawful Pope and true vicegerent of God, do excommunicate, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Henry, king of the Germans, son of Henry, emperor of the Romans, who with unheard-of audacity persecutes and opposes the Church. I interdict to him the government of the German kingdom and of Italy. I release all Christians from any oaths they may have given or shall give to him, as king; since he who denies the authority of the Church loses all authority he may have obtained from the Church."

The die was now cast, and no one but God knew the diverse fortunes that should result from the conflict thus begun.

The effect of the excommunication began immediately to be felt. The king seemed to have been suddenly abandoned by God and man. Despoiled of his kingdom and wealth, deserted by his army, with no hope of vengeance, he bowed his head in angry silence. The princes and prelates of Germany, obedient to the decrees of the Holy See, denounced the vices of the king, especially in the matter of prohibited investiture. They congregated in the city of Ulm and announced that all

who should have at heart the safety of Germany and of Christendom should, during the following October assemble in the city of Tribur, and should there propose and establish a means of restoring peace to the Church. Among the acts of this council was the resolve to create a new king for Germany. A deputation was sent thence to Henry with the following severe proposals: He was commanded to appear at a congress to be held during the following February at Augsburg and there confess his crimes in the presence of the Pope. After this he should accept either the confirmation or absolution of his excommunication. If he should fail to appear at the appointed time, he should be held irrevocably as a pagan; he should be considered deposed and utterly excommunicated. In the meantime he should dismiss from his service everyone nominally excommunicated by the Pope; he should retire to the city of Spire in company with the bishop of Verdun and a few ministers of sound doctrinal probity; he should never enter a church, nor engage in any public business; he should not dress in royal attire, and spend the hours of his day in retirement and penance.

Henry, driven to the last extremity, and

thankful that any, however slight, hope remained of avoiding the urgent and pressing calamity, promised obedience with the greatest promptitude. He retired to Spires with his wife and young son, and actually endeavored for a few days to carry out the terms of his promise. But the terrible humiliation of his altered state, coupled with the fear that after all the Pope might not reach Augsburg in time began to cause in him feelings of impatience. It was necessary, according to the law, that the absolution from his ban should be granted within a year from the pronouncement of the sentence; should the anniversary pass without such absolution the king must be deprived irrevocably of his throne and resources.

Moved by these considerations the unhappy king determined not to wait for the diet of Augsburg, but to set off immediately and meet the Pope as he was journeying thither. Accordingly in the dreary month of December, 1076, Henry, with his wife and son, left Spires and set out for Italy. Companionless and penniless, having in vain begged some little alms from those very courtiers whom he had once loaded with his bounty, he presented a pitiful spectacle. Amidst the rigors of snow-

covered hills, in the depths of winter, he was forced to plod along upon his weary way. Even his name he should conceal if he would find any one to guide him amongst the intricacies of forest and plain ; for a fear went to the soul of everyone at the mere mention of King Henry. Often when the night had come down upon the wayfarers in the depths of the wilderness they were obliged to seek shelter in caverns or ruined huts, hungry and with little hope of food for the morrow. Thus did God visit upon this new Nabuchodonosor the punishment of his former pride.

Henry finally entered Italy and proceeded immediately to a village near Canossa, where the Pope had for the time being taken up his residence. Hither many of his former partisans had preceded him, making their dreary pilgrimage with unshod feet and with tears of repentance. The unhappy king took up his lodging at a little country inn, whence he sent messengers to the Countess Matilda, in whose castle the Pope was residing, begging her to come to him. Matilda, well termed the Deborah of the Middle Ages, desired nothing more than that the king and Pope should come to a happy reconciliation and was determined to make

use of all her great influence to bring it about. It was with a hopeful heart that, attended by many loyal princes and prelates, she repaired to the abode of the excommunicated king. As a result of the interview the good Matilda brought away with her to the Pope a letter from the king. In this the monarch besought the Holy Father to grant absolution from his ban, and prayed him not to place too much faith in the calumnies of the Saxon princes. Gregory VII replied, through his noble mediatrix, that it was contrary to ecclesiastical law to judge a culprit in the absence of his accusers; much less could such culprit be declared innocent, and least of all when he was a king. He declared, furthermore, that if Henry considered that he did not merit his condemnation, he should not be afraid to appear at Augsburg, where the vicar of Christ, after carefully weighing everything would pronounce a sentence equable and inspired by God.

Through his envoys the king answered that he had no fear of any judgment pronounced by a Pope, who was the protector of the innocent and the just, but the anniversary of his excommunication was drawing near, which if it should pass by

without his having obtained absolution would cost him his sceptre. On this account he was willing to do anything in the way of satisfaction or amendment that the Holy See should deem proper to impose upon him. He conjured the Pope, through the mercy of God to bless him in his repentance and restore him again to his people. If pardoned he would betake himself whithersoever the papal will might choose, he would answer the accusations of the princes and swore to resign himself to every sentence the Holy Father might be pleased to pronounce.

But Gregory VII was unflinching in his determination to humiliate in order to correct him, and thereby secure finally the greater liberty of the Church. For a long time he remained deaf to all appeals in favor of the king, in whom he had lost all confidence. He could not forget the innumerable oaths and promises he had made so often, only to violate them. He desired, therefore, that his humiliation should by its severity and duration give an opportunity to the king of manifesting his true sentiments. It seemed, moreover, only just thus to humiliate a monarch who had tyrannized over his vassals, regardless of their conditions, who

had made himself the nucleus and head of all opposition, and who had sacrilegiously imagined that he could depose him from the Holy See.

Finally, Gregory VII. moved by the repeated representations of Henry's intercessors, began to believe in him, and permitted him to come to Canossa, there to cancel his outrages to the Apostolic See by exercises of penance and submission. Barefooted, clothed in sackcloth, and fasting from morning till night, for three days the king awaited his sentence standing in the outer court of the castle. At length, despairing of pardon, he retired to a little chapel, near at hand, where with bitter tears and sobs he implored the protection of Matilda. The countess could not refuse his request, and proceeding at once to the Pope, she begged pardon for the king. Gregory was conquered at last by her eloquent appeal and consented to the absolution, provided that Henry would swear eternal fidelity to the Church. The king was thereupon admitted to the presence of the Pope; and as his naked feet were numbed and frozen by the cold he was permitted to hurry through the formulas of his pardon, with as much dispatch as possible.

The conditions agreed upon at this interview were sufficiently comprehensive, however. It was determined that upon the day, and in the place, prescribed by the Pope, Henry should present himself at a diet of the German estates to clear himself of his accusations. The Pope should be the supreme and only judge between him and his accusers. If by the decision of the Pope he should be declared innocent, he should again be restored to his crown with all its rights and prerogatives; if adjudged guilty he should renounce it without a murmur; in any case he should take no vengeance upon the accusing princes or bishops, much less upon him who was to pronounce his just sentence. Moreover, until the day of his trial he should not bear the emblems of royalty, nor arrogate to himself the administration of the government; he should release from the oath of fealty all who had given it within a year; and he should drive from his court his evil counsellors. • If he should triumph over his accusers and be re-instated in his rights by the Pope, he should forever be faithful, devoted and obedient to the Roman pontiff, whether by composing the disorders of the German empire, or in reforming the abuses which

had afflicted the Church. Should the king be wanting in even one of these respects, or endeavor to twist them from their most obvious sense, the absolution from his excommunication would be retracted and considered as never having been granted ; he should then be considered as actually guilty of the crimes brought now by his accusers ; his explanations should not be heard, and the princes of the empire, released from every oath of allegiance, should proceed to elect a new monarch in the person of him who should most conform to the genius of the Church.

Henry IV accepted, calling God to witness that he would observe everything faithfully. Thereupon the Pope gave to the king the Apostolic benediction, together with the kiss of peace, and began the celebration of the Mass. At the consecration of the Host Gregory VII bade the king approach to the altar and with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, and in a clear voice protested against the accusations brought against himself, and called God to witness in the sight of the whole world to his innocence, calling upon Him to strike him dead in the very act of consuming the Sacred Particle if he should be guilty.

Then the Pope, turning to the king, exclaimed : " And now, do thou what I have done. Call upon the Eternal in testimony of your innocence, and conquer the accusations of your enemies by consuming the Sacred Host." But the king trembling with fear begged that such test might be deferred until the day of the diet, and Gregory VII consented. Henry IV was then invited to dine with the Pope, who after having refreshed him dismissed him with wise admonitions to lead thenceforth a holier life

Henry returned to his inn ; but not to obtain the peace he had hoped for. His former friends, who had congregated to meet him, turned in anger away. Some called him coward ; others reproached him for the evils he had brought upon them ; and all were agreed that as Henry IV had yielded with cowardly grace he should be deposed finally and his son elected to fill his place.

One might imagine that such terrible punishments would have subdued the fierce temperament of King Henry. Such might have been the case had the royal penitent possessed a soul actuated by sentiments of honor. The soul of Henry IV was awake only to feelings of utter selfishness. He had

scarcely regained his forfeited powers than he began to use them to the destruction of every sacred oath. Flying back to Germany he gathered together the remnants of his old forces and began a war against the papacy which should terminate only with his death. The disaffected from all parts of Germany and Italy flocked to his standard. Victory after victory crowned his efforts. He saw himself for the time invincible. His pride and ambition rose in proportion to his successes. Finally he determined to lead his armies against Rome itself and humiliate and depose the sovereign pontiff in the very sanctuary of the Vatican.

On Palm Sunday of 1084 he entered the city. He proceeded to the Vatican and there upon the steps of the altar declared the deposition of Gregory VII, announcing at the same time the election of Guibert Correggia who was to rule the Church in his place. The following Sunday the false pope rewarded the action of his royal patron by conferring upon him the crown of the German empire hitherto refused by Pope Gregory.

The Holy Father was finally liberated by the forces of Robert Guiscard who had hurried at the last moment from the South, laid a countersiege to

Rome and carried off the Pope from the midst of his enemies. Escorted by his savage deliverers St. Gregory repaired to Salerno, a fortified town on the Mediterranean near the city of Naples. Here he held his last synod, renewed the excommunication against Henry IV and addressed his last letter to Christendom. Here, too, he left to the Church the last expression of his sorrow over the misfortunes of the Holy See.

The end of this great man was now fast approaching. Feeling that his life was nearing its close he called to his bedside the faithful attendants who had accompanied him into exile. As his spirit was leaving his worn out frame, he uttered his last, memorable words : “ I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and behold ! I die in exile.”

One of the bishops, at these words, bent over the dying pontiff, and whispered : “ My lord, you do not die in exile, for thou art the Vicar of Christ, who hath given thee His people as a heritage, and hath assigned as thy jurisdiction the ends and confines of the world.” These words were uttered in vain ; the Pope had passed away.

Pope Paschal the Second.

A. D. 1111.

The most glorious weather of Rome comes in the month of February. Then it is that nature seems first to awaken from her long sleep and call into being the innumerable beauties of animal and plant life. Then it is that the mornings are fresh with the breezes from the mountains, and the sun seems to smile in its gladness over dome and belfry. The Roman wakes to sound of birds returning from southern climes, and imitates the joyfulness of his natural surroundings in a cheery "*buon giorno*" to his passing friends.

The morning of Sunday, February 11th, 1111, was what the Romans might term ideal. The bells from a hundred church towers ushered in the aurora, and their sound was echoed in cries of joy from thousands of throats. For hours after, long processions of citizens, decked out in holiday attire, swarmed up and down the streets, now collecting in little assemblies to discuss the important happenings of the day; now hurrying along, led on by some impulse they could not account for. It was

evident that Rome, on that day, was to be the scene of some important ceremony; no one knew that before the sun should set the light of its glory should be extinguished for a time, and give place to the darkness of sorrow and despair.

Just without the Porta del Popolo, where the fields then stretched for miles on either side of the Flaminian Way, lay the encampment of a vast German army. While it was yet early morning its thousands of gaudily-dressed troops had already answered to the reveille and formed themselves for the review, which was conducted in the presence of their young king, Henry V. Their appearance was imposing and well calculated to cause a thrill of pride in the bosom of their royal commander.

At the appointed hour Henry took his position at the head of the army, and surrounded by a staff composed of the noblest blood of the Fatherland, awaited near the city gate for the first formalities of his reception into the home of the papacy.

Henry V, the second son of the notorious Henry IV, was at this time in his thirty-first year and in the very flower of his youth. Tall and commanding in stature and appearance, he pos-

sessed those natural qualities which are distinctive of the German race. There was, especially, a pleasing attractiveness in the light-complexioned countenance that easily won favor for him among the sturdy warriors who had followed his fortunes from Germany. Yet, with all that, he could not succeed in concealing those very traits that had distinguished his royal father,—extreme haughtiness of manner, too violent temper in times of contradiction, and above all, a selfishness so great that it respected no claims of right or mercy, and before which the sacred oath of honor was as chaff before the wind.

He had grown to manhood through stormy circumstances. Born while his father was yet under the ban of the Church, he had passed the first years of his life partly in fear and partly in hatred of that mighty power whose decree could make monarchs tremble. He had seen his father harassed and driven hither and thither by his rebellious son, Conrad. Again he perceived the humiliation, to which royalty must sometimes be subjected, when his father, in 1102, was obliged to yield up to the younger son the crown which he was no longer able to bear. The young king,

elevated to the throne in the twenty-second year of his age, began his career in a manner hostile to the very parent who had abdicated in his favor, though thoroughly in accordance with the demands of justice and of obedience to the Holy See. His first pronouncements gave every promise that his life would be spent in the effort to reconcile the divided forces of Church and State. "I intend," he said, "to acknowledge the authority of the lawful Pope, Paschal II." He entered into friendly relations with the Saxons, whom his father had so fearfully oppressed. He gathered around him the orthodox clergy, encouraging them in their councils. He took up arms against his father in defense of his own right to the throne and of the rights of the Holy See. It mattered not to him that his royal parent, the thrice perjured Henry IV, was excommunicated and again deposed; the sympathies of Henry V were only for the cause of justice and the protection of the Holy Church. It was while these sentiments were still strong within his heart that he heard the news of his father's death, sudden as the lightning's stroke, and clouded to the last breath with the awful stigma of excommunication. If ever prince had cause to recognize

the penalties of sacrilege it was Henry V. He had lived with an example of them constantly before his eyes; he had himself contributed his share to the afflictions of his father, and might, indeed, have been said to have brought his weary head in sorrow to the grave.

It is doubtful if any of these reflections crossed the mind of Henry V as he proudly reviewed his forces on this memorable day. His thoughts were more closely applied to the important business on hand. It was but a few weeks before, while resting in the city of Florence, that Henry had arranged with the Pope, by letter, a concordat containing the conditions upon which Paschal II would consent to grant him the imperial coronation. These conditions were as follows: "On the day of his coronation Henry shall make a written renunciation of all right of investitures of churches. He shall pledge himself to the Pope by oath, in the presence of the clergy and people, to its observance. He shall swear to leave the churches in the peaceful enjoyment of their property. He shall confirm the Holy See in the possession of its estates and fiefs after the example of Charlemagne and his other predecessors. On these

conditions the Pope will crown Henry V and acknowledge him as emperor. He will help him to maintain his authority in Germany, and forbid the bishops to usurp the regales, or to do anything prejudicial to the rights of the prince." These terms, drawn up with the good grace of the sovereign pontiff, were accepted with apparent willingness by the king, who shortly after began his march toward Rome for the purpose of his coronation.

The preliminaries of this great action were as imposing as their object was important. The king, seated upon his horse, awaited at the head of his troops for the formal opening of the city gates. It was about eight o'clock when the pealing of the bells gave the signal. The gates were thrown open and the Roman populace, headed by the most distinguished citizens, came forth to greet the emperor. A speech of welcome was delivered in the name of the lay people of Rome, to which the king answered in a manner that awakened kind feelings in the minds of his welcomers. At the gates the royal company again halted to receive an address of welcome from the clergy, after which it proceeded upon its way toward the palace of the

Vatican. All along the route the air resounded with cheers and acclamations. Joy bells rang out from every tower and belfry, and noble Roman matrons, bending out from every window, flung to the breeze gay streamers and banners of gaudy colors. In the midst of all the king rode on proudly and solemnly, as one who in the height of his glory feels already the gloom of coming disaster.

Upon the steps of St. Peter's church, the Pope, surrounded by his cardinals and bishops, stood awaiting the royal cavalcade. The countenance of the Holy Father was lighted with the expression of satisfaction, and as he turned to converse with his attendants his words were full of hope in the results of this day.

The king advanced slowly into the great piazza that fronted the basilica. Pausing in the midst of it he caused his horse to be held motionless and waited until his troops had arrived upon the spot. Then in a few short orders he commanded the army to completely surround the basilica, and besides to take possession of every important post in the neighborhood. Then, feeling that all was secure, he proceeded up the steps of St. Peter's to meet the Pope.

The Holy Father, astounded at this sudden evidence of treachery, at first remained mute. Recovering himself finally, he resolutely refused to condescend to a coronation forced upon him by means so barbarous and treacherous. He then began to demonstrate by strong arguments the iniquity of the king's position, when he was suddenly surrounded by the royal guard and taken prisoner. A scene of horror now succeeded. The soldiers dashed into the sanctuary, despoiled the altars, robbed the sacred vessels and committed innumerable sacrileges. The Holy Father was confined in the dungeons of a small house near the portico of the church ; and many bishops and cardinals who escaped his fate, barely gained the outer air at the cost of their lives.

At a signal from the king the German soldiers began the sack of the city, cutting down its inhabitants without regard of sex or condition. The Romans flew to arms, and when they heard that their pontiff was made captive such indignation took possession of their souls that they set out at once to slaughter every German who could be found. A pitched battle was fought in which many of the king's troops were cut down and the rest

driven into the Campagna. The emperor was thrown from his horse and received a severe wound in the face. Otto of Milan who strove to defend his royal master, was captured, cut to pieces and his flesh thrown to the dogs to be devoured. Henry, thereupon, perceiving that the odds were against him fled by night from the city, dragging along with him his august prisoner, stripped of his pontifical attire and bound like a felon.

Leaving his august prisoner under a secure guard at Sabina, Henry V returned with his forces to Rome. The people in terror at the prospect of new atrocities sent deputations to the captive Pope imploring him to yield to the demands of the kaiser. Fifty days of bitter imprisonment had at length begun to tell upon the courage of the pontiff. He listened with tears in his eyes to the recital of the wrongs suffered by his beloved people, of the sacrileges everywhere perpetrated and of the schism that threatened to grow out of the Pope's resistances to the wishes of the emperor, and in a moment of confusion inspired by terror, he signed a document permitting the king to confer upon bishops and abbots the investitures of the ring and crozier, provided the election should be

free and possession given without violence or simony. Appeased by this act Henry V conducted the Pope back to Rome, and received from his hands, on the 13th of April, the imperial crown.

Pascal II bitterly repented of his hastiness in granting so important a privilege, and as an evidence of his mind upon the subject, took the earliest possible means of causing its revocation. The fury of Henry was awakened anew, and he returned to Rome with his army. Pascal, however, had escaped to his estates at Benevento. Henry continued for years to persecute the Pope, while the latter with apostolic courage renewed the excommunications against him and all defenders of investiture. He returned to Rome however, where he died on the 21st of January, 1118.

St. Thomas à Becket.

A. D. 1170.

The year 1170 was in different respects one of the darkest and one of the most glorious in the annals of England. It was dark for the perpetration of a crime scarcely paralleled in its heinousness by the barbarisms of darkest Africa ; its glory is in the fact that it bestowed upon humanity an example of nobility and generosity of soul possible only under the standard of the Cross of Christ. It is no exaggeration to say that the career of England's greatest saint was a life-long martyrdom. Against such a term the record of magnificence in carriage and apparel, of haughty demeanor in dealing with the evil doers will avail nothing, as the sense of duty performed in the face of almost insuperable obstacles and for God's honor and glory can sanctify the purple robe and make the work of the executioner meritorious.

The trials of St. Thomas properly began at the time when, in the year 1162, he was promoted from the chancellorship of the English kingdom to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. He had

preferred not to accept so lofty a preferment from the hands of the king, giving as his excuse that it would be impossible for him to perform the duties of the situation and at the same time retain the favor of his benefactor. He, however, yielded finally to many entreaties, and after his ordination as priest was consecrated as archbishop of the primatial see of England. Thenceforth his life already unblemished was further adorned by the most prominent virtues pertaining to his newly appointed manner of life.

To a mind constituted as was that of Henry II, a prey to every breath of suspicion, dominated by deep and lasting hatreds, obstinate to the last degree and under the influence of fawning flattery, it was no difficult task to present a virtuous friend in the light of an implacable enemy. The singularly holy life of the new archbishop became a reproach to the unprincipled courtiers who surrounded the king's throne. His utter disregard of popular or even royal approbation in the face of evident duty caused him to be hated with bitterness by those whose greed for preferment made all things lawful, provided they contributed to the desired end. They devised a scheme of persecu-

tion which could not fail of its object if only carried out persistently. Among the many projects to the accomplishment of which St. Thomas had set his mind was that of defending the immunities and sacred rights of the Church in England, which had been grievously outraged for many years previous.

Among these rights was one of especial significance. It had been established by the laws of the Church, as well as by those of the kingdom, and sanctioned by King Stephen in 1136, that ecclesiastics should enjoy an immunity from the judgment of civil courts and be accountable only to judges of an ecclesiastical order. Contrary to this ruling an abuse had crept into the proceedings of English courts of law, whose wide-spread diffusion soon gave it the value of a custom. Ecclesiastics began to be summoned before lay judges, whose sentences were often accepted as final. Against this new custom St. Thomas took a decisive stand; his courage in opposing it cost him six long years of exile and the final loss of his life. The new custom thus introduced was dear to the heart of the king, who saw in it a promise of greater extension of power; yet so

great was his confidence in the ability of the primate that he might have allowed its opposition to go unchallenged but for the pernicious influence of his jealous advisers. By these his attention was quickly directed to the aims of St. Thomas; his suspicions were aroused, his hatred excited, and the primate was marked for speedy vengeance.

Henry II determined to solidify the new custom by giving to it the force of law. For this purpose he proposed that its sanction should come from the Church itself. It should be written down in a document, to which every bishop in the realm should affix his seal. This once accomplished, the power of Thomas à Becket would be made entirely subservient to every wish of the crown. The proposal of the king was more easily made than executed. The bishops refused to sanction its wholesale exactions, and the king to bring about his object was obliged to seek other means. Since he could not gain the consent of the Church openly he had recourse to a species of fraud in which, although the intention could easily be perceived, yet the formal proposition had all the appearance of fairness. He therefore summoned the bishops of the kingdom to swear upon oath that they

would observe the customs of the realm. The holy prelate perceived the purpose of the subterfuge, and although he once weakened in the belief that acquiescence might secure the later defeat of the order, yet he finally resisted with all the vehemence of his nature. This was the beginning of a bitter persecution which increased from day to day until at length finding himself insecure in England, he was constrained for his own safety to take refuge in France.

There he was warmly welcomed by King Louis VIII, whose protection he enjoyed until, by the good offices of the Pope, he was again reconciled with Henry II. He would gladly have resigned his office and spend the remainder of his days in retirement. The Pope, however, designed differently and urged him to resume his former station. He commanded the sovereign to restore the prelate to his see, to permit him to rule his flock, as he had hitherto done, in defence of the immunities and sacred rights of the Church. St. Thomas returned, as he was bidden; but he was not long to enjoy the fruits of peace. Scarcely three months had elapsed when the king, annoyed and harrassed by the archbishop's constancy, one

day repeated in a moment of anger : “ Who will rid me of this troublesome priest ! ”

Four of the king's knights, who were standing by at the time, heard the impatient exclamation, and mistaking the expression for a command, swore among themselves that they would carry off or murder the prelate. Proceeding to the archbishop's house on the 29th of December, 1170, they met the saint engaged at dinner. They made to him certain demands and upon the refusal of St. Thomas, declared that he should quit England forever, as neither he nor his could again have peace in the king's dominions. The knights departed after many threats of vengeance. What followed is well told in Lingard's history :

“ It was the hour of the evening service, and at the sound of the psalmody in the choir, a voice exclaimed : ‘ To the church, it will afford protection.’ But Becket refused to move from the place. Word was now brought that the knights had forced their way through the garden and made an entrance by the windows. A few minutes later they were heard at no great distance, breaking down with axes a strong partition of oak which impeded their progress. In a paroxism of

terror the archbishop's attendants closed around him, and, notwithstanding his resistance, bore him with pious violence through the cloister into the church. The door was immediately closed and barred against the assassins, who were already in sight.

“Becket walked leisurely along the transept, and was ascending the steps which led to his favorite altar, when he heard the cries of the knights demanding admission at the door. Without hesitation he ordered it to be thrown open, saying that the house of God should not be made a military fortress. Immediately his attendants, monks and clergy, dispersed to conceal themselves, some behind the columns, others under the altars. Had he followed their example he might have saved his life; for it was growing dark, and both the crypts, and a staircase before him, which led to the roof, offered places of concealment. But he turned to meet his enemies, and stationing himself with his back against a column, between the altars of St. Mary and St. Bennett, waited their approach.

“The four knights and their twelve companions rushed into the church with drawn swords, and loud cries. ‘To me, ye king’s men,’ shouted



MURDER OF THOMAS A BECKET.

their leader. 'Where is the traitor?' exclaimed Hugh of Horsey, a military subdeacon, known by the surname of Manclerk. No answer was returned; but to the question, 'where is the archbishop?' Becket replied: 'Here I am, the archbishop, but no traitor. What is your will?' They turned to him, and insisted that he should immediately absolve all whom he had placed under ecclesiastical censures; to which he replied, that, until they had promised satisfaction, he could not. 'Then die,' exclaimed a voice. 'I am ready,' returned the prelate, 'to die for the cause of God and his Church. But I forbid you, in the name of the Almighty God, to touch any one of my household, clerk or layman.'

"There seems to have been some hesitation on the part of the murderers. They would rather have shed his blood without the church than within its walls. An attempt was made to drag him away but he resisted it with success, through the aid of a clergyman who threw his arms around the archbishop's waist. 'Reginald,' said the archbishop to Fitzhugh, 'how dare you do this? Remember that you have been my man.' 'I am now the king's man,' replied the assassin,' aiming a

blow at the primate's head. The attendant clergyman, Grim, interposed his arm, which was broken and severed in two ; still the sword passed through Becket's cap, and wounded him on the crown. As he felt the blood trickling down his cheek he wiped it away with his sleeve, and having joined his hands and bent his head in the attitude of prayer, said : ' Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.' In this posture, with his face to his murderers, and without shrinking or speaking, he awaited a second stroke, which threw him on his knees and elbows. The third stroke was given by Richard Brito, with such violence that it cut off the upper part of the archbishop's head and broke his own sword on the pavement. The murderers were retiring when Hugh of Horsey turning back, set his foot on the neck of the corpse, and drawing the brain out of the skull with the point of his sword, scattered it around. ' Fear not,' he said, ' the man will never rise again.' They returned to the palace, which they rifled, taking away with them spoil, as it was estimated, to the value of two thousand marks."

The sequel to this murder was what might be expected when the parties implicated realized the

enormity of the crime. To free himself from the excommunication launched against him by the Pope, Henry II was obliged to swear that he had no intentional part in the action, and to prove the sincerity of his declaration he consented to undergo the most rigorous penances. The murderers themselves were exiled to Palestine. The death of Thomas à Becket was universally acknowledged as a martyrdom and he was canonized as a saint by Pope Alexander III.

The Interdict of France.

A. D. 1199.

One of the most memorable cases of interdict related in history was that which Pope Innocent III caused to be pronounced by Cardinal Peter of Capua, his legate in the council of Dijon, held in 1199, against Philip Augustus and the kingdom of France. It was issued not as a mere form of revengeful punishment but as a salutary means of correction after repeated admonitions. Its cause was the obstinacy of the French king in holding improper relations with Agnes of Merania, after refusing to receive back his lawful wife, the Queen Hildemburga. The pathetic story which Hurter gives of this incident in his "Life of Innocent III" it would not be superfluous to reproduce in this place, because of its importance as an historical fact, as well as to give a proper idea of what an interdict signified :

"The Council of Dijon was convoked by Cardinal Pietro for the feast of St. Nicholas in the year 1199, and its sessions were attended by the archbishops of Lyons, Rheims, Besançon and Vienna.

Eighteen bishops and many abbots swelled the number of its disputants. The king was invited to attend, but refused; but through his deputies he protested against the whole affair and appealed to the Pope. The cardinal, however, was authorized to proceed, notwithstanding any and every appeal, whereupon the king appealed to a future council.

“The council of Dijon lasted seven days, and at its close the lugubrious tolling of the bells announced its fatal sentence. The bishops and clergy went in silent procession, under the light of torches, to the cathedral, where the canons were kneeling, praying to God to have mercy upon the accused. A veil hung before the image upon the crucifix, the relics of the saints were transported to subterranean arches and flames consumed the Sacramental Species. After which the legate, in a violet stole, before the pulpit, pronounced in the name of Christ, the interdict upon all the estates of the king of France until the latter should cease from his relations with Agnes. The legate then ordered that the interdict should not go into effect for the space of thirty days, that by such delay the king might have time to change his mind.”

The period of grace went by leaving the offending monarch still unmoved, whereupon the cardinal-legate proceeded to Vienna. There another council was held and the edict of the interdict sent out for general publication. Orders were given to all the prelates in the kingdom of France to cause its immediate publication and take measures for its execution. The penalty for disobedience in the case of bishops should be suspension from office and the obligation of presenting themselves in person before the Holy See on the Feast of the Ascension.

From this day the faithful throughout France were deprived of the Word of God and of those religious practices which fortify the soul in all the accidents of life and sustain it in the conflicts with the world. Henceforth none should dare to announce the truths of eternal salvation. The priests should no longer consecrate the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, nor chant the services of God. It was hardly permitted, only in a few monasteries, to supplicate the Lord; even then the laity should be excluded, the doors closed, the silence of midnight should reign around, and no word be uttered save in the lowest whisper. No

more was heard the sound of organs waking the echoes among the arches of the temples, a sepulchral silence reigned where once the faithful had flocked to join in hymns and canticles of joy or to celebrate in gorgeous ceremony their thanksgivings to the Almighty. The candles were extinguished in the midst of funereal prayers. A veil concealed the crucifix; the statues of the saints were stretched out with face downward upon the ground, as if seeking escape from the general malediction. The bodies of the dead were taken out of their tombs, extended upon the floor of the temple and covered with black veils. Crosses, pictures and sacred ornaments, every sign of sanctity and religious consolation were scattered in confusion upon the ground, and no one, whether priest or layman, dared to kiss them or even to touch them with the hand. The Christian, passing sadly before the temple, looked upon it with a wistful glance, feeling an ardent desire to return to that Church where his heart had so often experienced the tender sweetness of the presence of God; but the doors were closed. No more might the sacred images bring comfort and confidence to his soul. All the world seemed to move be-

neath the shadows of a black veil. Everything seemed to breathe sorrow and confusion. The bells were silent, save when their funereal tolling from the tower of some monastery informed the expectant faithful that another soul had gone to meet its God. In many cases the bells were taken down from their towers and hidden away beneath the earth.

The day of baptism was no longer one of joy ; it was sad and silent and its ceremonies were administered privately. The nuptial rite no longer performed before the altar, seemed as if celebrated upon the tomb. The unquiet conscience found very rare opportunities for unburdening itself ; and even when permitted the Sacrament of Penance might not be administered save in the portico of the church. The afflicted no longer listened to the consoling words of the priest ; no more might the hungry soul be fed with the Bread of Life. To the priest it was permitted to preach only penance and that only under the eaves of the church, only on Sunday and in vestments suggestive of mourning. The Viaticum, consecrated in solitude, on Friday was brought in the darkness of the night to the dying, who were denied the

Sacrament of Extreme Unction. No one should receive Christian burial save priests, beggars, pilgrims and crusaders. Those grand festivals wherein lord and vassal were wont to meet happily before the altar were converted into days of sorrow and the occasions passed by sadly, both for shepherd and for sheep. No more should music thrill the soul; no more should noisy merriment signalize the festival times; no more should gaudy ornaments glitter upon the person; even the beard might not be shaved nor the hair trimmed. A universal fast was proclaimed; the eating of meat was forbidden; merchants should desist from all commerce. In the public documents the notary passed over the name of the king as unworthy of recording, and in its place substituted the words: "In the Reign of Christ."

By the third day the interdict was put into execution throughout nearly the whole of France. The greater part of the bishops, canons and pastors held their spiritual duties as more sacred than the good will of the king. The whole country was drowned in sorrow and historians recall that period when the only salutation between Christians was a sigh, all other modes of greeting being forbidden.

Finally Philip Augustus submitted to the Church, and the interdict was raised on the vigil of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Again the bells pealed gladly, the coverings were snatched away from the sacred ornaments, the doors of the churches were thrown open and the multitude precipitated themselves wildly into the sacred precincts to contemplate once more those sanctuaries which had been closed for seven months, to hear again the sacred canticles and to dedicate themselves again to the practice of their holy religion. The prodigal had returned, and the whole house of God rejoiced in the glory of his welcome.

The Crusades.

First Crusade.

Peter the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in Picardy, inured to a penitential life and filled with the spirit of deep piety, was only fulfilling a want of his spiritual nature when, near the end of the eleventh century, he undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The impression made upon his heart by the deplorable condition of affairs in that unhappy country aroused within him a profound sense of indignation. The Holy Sepulchre, the shrine of his soul's devotion, was defiled by every indignity which Moslem hatred might devise, the sacred places, sanctified by the footsteps of the Son of God, were desecrated by sacrileges, and the few Christians, whom piety or adventure had allured thither, were subjected to barbarous cruelty. The Hermit complained bitterly to everyone he met, seeking and giving sympathy for the wrongs he beheld around him. The account of his words and sentiments at length reached the ears of Simeon, the patriarch of Jerusalem, who sent for him and said : " We once had hopes of receiving

succor from our former sovereigns, the emperors of Constantinople ; but those hopes are now vanished, and we in punishment for our sins, are left to groan under a load of miseries without help, without comfort and without hope."

Peter the Hermit, moved by the air of abandonment betrayed by the patriarch, answered : " If your sufferings were made known to your Christian brethren an armed confederacy might possibly be formed for your relief. Draw up a memorial to the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome, and the princes of Europe, stating your grievances and imploring their succor ; I will undertake to present it."

Peter was as good as his word. The memorial was written and the Hermit immediately set out to carry it to Rome.

In the year 1093, he found the Pope, Urban II, preparing for a journey to France. Nevertheless, in spite of the hurry incident upon such an affair, the venerable pontiff found time to receive and listen to the pilgrim. He was profoundly moved by the narration contained in the memorial and determined to give to its proposals the sanction of his best efforts. He therefore com-

missioned Peter to go forth into all Europe to stir up the princes and people. He himself, proceeding to France, called a council at Clermont in 1095, in which, after discussing various ecclesiastical affairs, he said to the assembled prelates: "Open the eyes of your imagination, and behold the Holy Land, which an incarnate God once consecrated by his presence, now occupied by infidels; behold the churches of Jerusalem insultingly profaned by Mohometan superstition; behold, in fine, the Sepulchre of Our Lord, and all the holy places wantonly defiled by impious Mussulmans, the enthusiastic followers of a false prophet. Let us then exert our endeavors to unite the Christian powers of Europe in a general confederacy for the rescue of our oppressed brethren, whose lamentable cry for help has reached these distant provinces of the west." His words produced the effect desired, and the whole multitude, fired with a sudden enthusiasm, arose with the cry, "God willeth it! God willeth it!"

The eloquence of Peter the Hermit thus ably sanctioned by the Holy See aroused all Europe, and on every side preparations were at once begun for an expedition to the Holy Land. From every

city and hamlet, prince and pauper, priest and prelate, even women and children, hurried to recruiting posts and had their names enrolled for the Crusade. Brave men led the armies away. There were Godfrey de Bouillon, Hugh the Great, Robert, duke of Normandy, Raymund, count of Toulouse, and Robert, earl of Flanders. Four hundred thousand men bearing the red cross of the Crusade upon their shoulders marched in various lines across Europe in the autumn of 1096, coming together again in the following spring before the walls of Constantinople, as had been previously arranged.

The progress of the great undisciplined army was marked by every sort of disorder consequent upon circumstances of hurry, impatience, ambition, greed and lawlessness. Even at Constantinople the Greek emperor, Alexis Comnenus, received his western allies with a very doubtful welcome, and was only too happy when the march was resumed and the Crusaders were leaving his territory.

During the two years that followed the Christian arms prevailed at Nice, at Edessa, and at Antioch, after the surrender of which last place,

Boemond, son of Robert Guiscard, was elected its ruler with the title of prince.

The Crusaders then pushed on toward Jerusalem, the object of their hopes and prayers; but their progress was slow and beset with immense difficulties. The rough country, poverty stricken at its best, arid and fruitless, could but barely support the few thousands of its former inhabitants, it became the home of famine and disease before the ravaging onslaughts of more than a hundred thousand half-starved invaders. The roads from the very entrance of Syria were black with the corpses of myriads who had fallen by the wayside. Yet onward still the adventurous bands pursued their way, too far advanced to turn back, yet scarce hoping to reach the Holy City alive.

At length, in the middle of June, 1099, the pitiful remnant of survivors arrived before the walls of Jerusalem and laid the city under siege. The capitulation came sooner than was expected, so that, on the fifteenth of July, 1099, Godfrey de Bouillon, followed by the whole army, marched in triumph through its blood-stained streets.

Apparently all was now consummated. The Moslem power crippled, the Holy City in the

hands of loving Christians, the end of the Crusade was accomplished. For better security the assembled princes elected Godfrey de Bouillon as first king of Jerusalem. Then withdrawing with their forces they embarked for Europe, leaving their dearly purchased prize under the guardianship of a ruler whose only support consisted of three hundred horse and two thousand infantry.

Second Crusade.

The prestige resulting from the first Crusade served for a time to keep in awe the Mohometans of the Holy Land. Many circumstances, however, contributed to weaken the preponderance of the Christians. An insufficient garrison in the Holy City was, for a while, competent to cope with an enemy already divided into hostile factions until such time as the Turks, the Mohometans of Tartary, should have gained a knowledge of their native power and obtain a foothold within the confines of Syria. Moreover, the new principalities of Edessa, Tripoli and Antioch were too little in accord with each other to unite their forces against a common enemy for the defence of the

new kingdom of Jerusalem. The latter city itself began to suffer the inconveniences resulting from a constant change of rulers. Godfrey, its first king, had died before he had scarcely completed the first year of his reign. He was quickly succeeded, during forty years, by no less than four different sovereigns, each more weak than his predecessor.

Such was the condition of affairs when, in the year 1144, Noradin, sultan of Aleppo, took up arms against the Christians and destroyed the stronghold of Edessa. Matters now beginning to assume a serious aspect, the other principalities were convinced of the necessity of instant union for the protection of common interests, and it was, therefore, determined to dispatch messengers to Europe to seek aid from Christendom.

In response to this appeal St. Bernard, the illustrious abbot of Clairvaux, was selected by Pope Eugene III to preach the second Crusade. His eloquence drew into the field the French king, Louis the Young, as well as the Emperor Conrad III of Germany, both of whom received from his hands, in the year 1146, the red cross of the Crusaders. An effort was made to induce the

saint to assume full command of the collected armies, a proposal inspired, no doubt, by his reputation as a worker of miracles and as one favored in an especial manner by God. But the holy abbot preferred to leave the conduct of arms to hands not consecrated to the avocations of peace.

In the year 1147 the two armies set forth upon their expedition, each composing a force of about one hundred and fifty thousand men, and directed their march, as in preceding Crusades, toward the common rendezvous at Constantinople. This latter course proved the ruin of the whole affair, for Manuel Comnenus, the reigning emperor, imbued with a deep hatred for the whole Latin race, had already determined upon the destruction of the vast army. His plans were well laid and more successful than he had hoped for. He received the monarchs upon their arrival with every apparent mark of friendship, and, as an earnest of his good will, procured for them guides who should direct their progress to the place of their destination. The Crusaders thus encouraged set out with bright hopes to complete their expedition.

But the guides assigned by the crafty Greek received orders to lead their charges out of the

direct way, through the most barren and desolate parts of the country, until, upon reaching the pathless mountains of the interior, they should abandon the Latins and return to Constantinople. In the meantime the sultan of Iconium was informed of the plan and advised to make use of the situation for his own interests. The scheme was carried out faithfully. The German army was the first to suffer. In the midst of a vast wilderness, shut in by impassible mountains, Conrad and his forces beheld themselves suddenly abandoned by their guides, and, before they had time to realize the full force of the treachery, the hordes of the Moslem sultan had descended from the fastnesses of the hills and surrounded their victims. The carnage that ensued was terrible beyond description. Suffice it to say that out of the immense army that had entered the wilderness only fifteen thousand escaped with their emperor. The same fate pursued the French under their king, Louis.

The two monarchs, despite the overwhelming reverse, still found courage to unite the remnants of their forces and march on to Jerusalem. Their passage through Syria was without serious adventure, and they were finally enabled to kneel in

peace at the Holy Sepulchre, there to render thanksgiving to God for their personal preservation. It were well, indeed, had their feelings rested in the quiet of safety ; but the thought of the reverses in the wilderness and the ridicule it must cause on their return to Europe stirred up within them a spirit of renewed ambition, and they resolved to retrieve the disgrace of defeat by the glory of newer conquests. Awakened hope now led their steps to the strong city of Damascus, before which they settled their tents with the determination of carrying it by storm. Again the fortunes of war blasted their fondest hopes. The city that was almost upon the point of capitulating was, on a sudden, through treachery redeemed from the attacks of its enemies, and the Christians were forced into an ignominious defeat.

The two unlucky monarchs returned to Europe, forced to acknowledge their Crusade a failure.

Third Crusade.

The history of the following Crusades presents but a repetition of former blunders and more disastrous reverses. The third Crusade, inspired by

the fall of Jerusalem in 1187, brought to the field a powerful coalition under the leadership of Richard the Lion-Hearted of England, Frederic Barbarossa of Germany, and Philip Augustus of France. Barbarossa perished by drowning even before attaining the Holy Land, while the two other monarchs, after a brilliant victory at Acre, yielding to dissensions and personal animosities, abandoned the field to the Mohometans.

Fourth Crusade.

To Germany belonged the honor of the fourth Crusade. It was undertaken by many princes of that empire, both secular and ecclesiastic, and was begun in the year 1195, under the conduct of the emperor, Henry VI. Among the many warriors who took part therein not the least in valor and usefulness was the brave Margaret of France, sister of Philip Augustus, and widow of the king of Hungary. This courageous princess signalized herself in the expedition at the head of her troops. Many cities were taken and many successful battles fought, which might have resulted in the utter

discomfiture of the Mohometans but for the untimely death of the emperor in 1198, when the Crusade was abandoned.

Fifth Crusade.

The fifth Crusade was begun in 1202, in the interest of Baldwin, count of Flanders, who for the furtherance of his designs upon the Holy City, contrived to gain the coöperation of the Venetians. The most memorable event of this expedition was the siege and taking of Constantinople by the Latins, under the pretext of liberating the city from the tyranny of Murtzuffe, who had usurped the throne of the rightful emperor, Alexis. The latter was restored to his throne, but enjoyed its honors only for a few months, when the faction hostile to him ended his career by assassination. Thereupon, the Latins, in punishment of the perfidy of the Greeks, put an end to their native dynasty, and as a beginning of a long Latin domination in the eastern empire, placed upon the throne of Constantinople their leader, Baldwin of Flanders. A small detachment of Crusaders, then, laden with their ill-gotten spoils, pursued their

way into Syria, most of them perishing on the march, by the plague, or by the weapons of the Mussulmans. The remainder were fortunate if they could again reach their native land alive.

At this time, in the year 1213, a multitude of children, seduced by their schoolmasters and by some overzealous religious, were led to believe that for them was reserved the glory of liberating the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracens. They took up the cross and set out from France and Germany to the number of sixty thousand. Many perished miserably on the way, while those who succeeded in reaching Marseilles embarked upon ships only to be submerged in the waters or to be sold in slavery to the infidels.

Sirth Crusade.

Although the Holy City had now, for a long time, remained in the hands of the infidels, yet the princes of Europe had not ceased to regard it as the rightful possession of the Christian people. Thus the death of each Christian king of Jerusalem was succeeded by the election of another incumbent. When, therefore, about the year 1217

a certain John of Brienne was elected to that chimerical dignity, he began at once the preparations for another Crusade. Andrew, king of Hungary, and many other princes and nobles took up the sword in defence of his cause. A series of disheartening reverses at the very beginning disgusted the Hungarian king, who, thereupon gave up his part in the expedition. But an army of nearly one hundred thousand was still mustered into the field to carry the project along.

The city of Damietta was besieged and taken by the Crusaders ; but the ambition of Albano, a warlike prelate, rendered the conquest useless. This restless prelate having constrained John of Brienne to yield to him the command of the army, was, through his want of experience, reduced to a situation of such extreme difficulty that he was forced, in order to avoid greater evils, to treat with the sultan of Egypt to restore Damietta and to give up John of Brienne as a hostage.

Through the efforts of Frederic II another treaty was then concluded in virtue of which Jerusalem, Nazareth and other holy places were ceded to the emperor, though it was at the same time stipulated that the Temple of Jerusalem should be

left in the hands of the Mohometans, to be used by them as a mosque.

Seventh Crusade.

The last two Crusades are so intimately linked with the name and glory of St. Louis IX of France that their history is in greater part but the story of his life.

St. Louis, son of Louis VIII and Queen Blanche, was born at Poissy, April 15, 1215. His mother, a princess of rare virtue, undertook personally the care of his education and inspired him from the very cradle with reverence for holy things, with sentiments of piety and with a profound regard for the holy virtue of chastity. At the age of twelve he succeeded to the throne of Louis VIII, though subject during the first eight years of his reign to the gentle regency of his wise mother. In the year 1234 he wedded the Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of the count of Provence; a union blessed by God with happy fruitfulness.

His first act on assuming the reins of government, in his twenty-first year, was to fulfil the

last wish of his father in expending the price of the royal jewels in founding a monastery. This celebrated abbey of Royaumont became thenceforth for him a place of retirement, to which he had recourse whenever he desired to taste of the delights of solitude, or to exercise his soul in prayer and penance. His liberality to the poor was manifested every day when hundreds of the needy had welcome access to his table. But the time which the saint spent in prayer and good works never prevented him in the fulfilment of his duties as a king. He forgot nothing that appertained to the interests of his government, and his assiduity in rendering wise judgments and in his application of the laws were sufficient evidence that he was well worthy of his throne. In 1242 he marched against Henry III of England, whose cause he discomfited in the battles of Taillebourg and Saintes, and whom he compelled to conclude a truce of five years.

In December of the year 1244 St. Louis became dangerously ill and for a time his fortune hung in the balance between life and death. He recovered, however, and as an expression of his gratitude to God for so unexpected a favor he vowed to

undergo a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. During the preparations for this expedition the holy king made every endeavor, though in vain, to compose the strained relations existing for some time between Pope Innocent IV and Emperor Frederic II. Finally, when everything was in readiness for his departure, he proceeded to the church of St. Denis to implore the aid of the holy martyrs and to assume the oriflamme, the standard carried in battle by the French kings. He embarked on the 25th of August, 1248, together with his queen, Margaret, and his sons, the counts of Anjou and Artois. On the way to Jerusalem his good fortune delivered into his hands the powerful city of Damietta, and he performed prodigies of valor in the battle of Massora, in 1250. But want of food and the ravages of disease having brought his army to a state of extreme weakness, he was soon made to feel the humiliation of defeat. He himself became seriously ill, and was moreover taken prisoner, with his royal brothers and many of his most valuable knights. The holy king even as a prisoner knew how to preserve his dignity as a sovereign and as a Christian, and to look for help from God alone. Always master of himself,

incomparably patient, firm yet not haughty, he refused every concession that might seem contrary to his honor or to his conscience. Finally, after yielding up the city of Damietta and paying a ransom of eight hundred thousand pieces of gold for the freedom of his army, he entered into a truce of ten years with the enemy. The French then embarked at Damietta, whence they proceeded to Palestine. During the four years of his stay in the Holy Land he gained possession of Tyre and Cæsarea and employed himself in fortifying other Christian strongholds and in visiting the holy places.

The death of the queen-mother, the saintly Blanche, in 1252, recalled the saint to France, where he was received two years later by the acclamations of a joyful people.

Eighth Crusade.

For fifteen years St. Louis labored indefatigably for the happiness of his subjects, when new complications again turned his attention to the Holy Land. The reports coming thence had painted a harrowing picture of a country menaced

with total destruction at the hands of the fierce Bondocdar, chief of the Mamelukes. Convoking, therefore, at Paris the nobles of his kingdom, on the 25th of March, 1267, Louis spoke to them with that gentle though majestic eloquence so natural to him, exposing the miserable condition to which the Christians were reduced in Palestine, and inflaming their hearts to such an extent that even those who were opposed to the Crusades could not refuse to follow in his footsteps. The enthusiasm thus inspired was not confined to France alone; many of the nobility from other countries took up the cross, only too willing to enter the field under the leadership of a monarch who had gained the love and admiration of all Europe.

St. Louis having settled the affairs of his kingdom, and prepared himself for his mighty task by many spiritual exercises, embarked at Aigues-Mortes on the 1st of July, 1270, and arrived on the 17th of the same month at the port of Tunis. The Crusaders scarcely permitted the ships to touch land than, with one impulse they leaped impetuously on shore and engaged in a determined conflict with the Saracens. The latter were put to flight and sought safety upon the

neighboring mountains. The French then gained possession of a fortress near the ruins of the ancient city of Carthage, where they prepared themselves, while awaiting the arrival of reënforcements from Sicily, for a final attack upon Tunis. But the intolerable heat of the climate, the want of proper water and the corruption of the food caused in the army an epidemic which carried off in a few days fully one-half the forces. The king himself fell a victim to the disease, and, perceiving that it must result fatally, made preparations for a death as holy as had been the life it was ending. He sent his last greetings to his son, Philip, his successor, and having fulfilled all his last duties as a good king and father, he begged for the last Sacraments, which he received upon his knees with transports of the liveliest faith. From that moment he thought only of that New Jerusalem, the conquest of which was to be gained without the weapons of earthly glory; he gave fervent thanks to the Lord for the lot that had fallen to him; he begged the Divine mercy for all sinners, and prayed that the remnant of his beloved army might not fall into the hands of the enemy. Before breathing his last he caused himself to be stretched

out upon ashes and thus, covered with a rough piece of sackcloth, he passed from this present life on the 25th of August, 1270.

Scarcely had the saintly monarch expired when the Sicilian reënforcements arrived; but the melancholy event that had just happened dampened the ardor of the Crusaders, who determined to prosecute the war no further. The projected attack upon Tunis was abandoned; an advantageous truce was concluded with the Moors and the Crusaders returned to Europe. The last Crusade was ended; the Christian armies never again left the shores of Europe to do battle for the conquest of the Holy Land.

The Albigenses.

A. D. 1209.

The Crusades were not all confined to the Holy Land, nor always against the hated followers of Mahomet. Now and then both during and after the time of the former Crusades it was deemed necessary by the Sovereign Pontiffs to call upon Christian princes for the protection of Christian interests in one or another portion of Europe. One of the most singular as well as important of these Crusades was that instituted by Pope Innocent III in the year 1209, against the Albigenses, in the south of France.

The latter were a branch of a curious sect which was every day gaining ground in the south of Europe. Coming originally from the Manichaeans of the earlier centuries they preserved under different names the fundamental principles of that disorder. Among the chief doctrines of their creed was that of a two-fold god ; one, the god of good, the other, the god of evil. The former created the soul and all things spiritual ; the latter, the body and the material world. The

application of their doctrines led to a complete subversion of all Christian truth and morality. They threatened the very foundations of society; they became a menace against regulation of law and order. Carried to their ultimate conclusions their theories must have resulted in a species of chaos not unlike that to which the anarchical principles of our own day would tend. The Albigenses, the strongest of these heretics, occupied many important places in the south of France, especially in the country of Lanquedoc, from one of whose cities, Albi, they received their name.

It is no wonder, therefore, that all Christendom should look with something of terror upon the steady growth of such gloomy and soul-destroying sects, and Pope Innocent III acted none too soon when he sent his commissioners to investigate their actual condition and purposes. The legates of the Pope found that report had in no way exaggerated the actual state of affairs, and what was most deplorable, they discovered that the unhappy visionaries enjoyed a certain positive protection from the Christian princes of the surrounding countries. Notable among these latter was Raymond VI, count of Toulouse, an ambitious and

intriguing ruler, who could ill bear that outside interference should enter into the administration of his affairs. It was, therefore, with sullen grace that he received the missionaries of the Holy See, and although he permitted that they should preach the gospel of Truth to the heretics, yet he contrived to hinder the accomplishment of any actual good by casting every manner of obstacles in the way. The growing anger which his mode of procedure caused in the minds of loyal Christians was brought to a climax when, in an evil moment, whether by connivance or command, he caused the assassination of one of the papal envoys.

It was then found useless to continue any further the resources of admonition, argument, censure and other ecclesiastical penalties against a foe that found its only argument in the use of arms, and it was finally decided with the approval of the Holy See, to make use of force in order to exterminate these enemies of the human race. By command of the Pope a Crusade was proclaimed; the impious Raymund VI was declared excommunicated, and his vassals released from their oaths of fealty. France at once responded to the call of the Pope, sending forty thousand men into

the field under the command of fearless and pious Simon, count of Montfort. The progress of the Crusaders was an almost uninterrupted series of victories for a period of three years. Raymund, at length convinced of his utter helplessness, called upon his brother, Pedro II, king of Aragon, who responded with reënforcements sufficient to increase the number of the anti-Christians to one hundred thousand; against this immense force the Crusaders could muster but twenty-five thousand. The dauntless Simon, however, assured of the protection of the Lord, whose cause he had undertaken, determined that no consideration of numbers or arms should weaken his courage in the face of danger. Gathering his forces together at Muret he made active preparations for a final close with the enemy. On the night preceding the eventful day he went about everywhere, animating the hearts of his soldiers with the ardor of his words and example. In the morning everyone hastened to the feet of the confessor, after which they received the Holy Sacrament from the hands of one of the bishops. During the celebration of the Mass, at the Offertory, the Count de Montfort, kneeling in sight of the whole army at the foot of

the altar, raising his eyes to Heaven and with uplifted hands, cried out: "Behold! I consecrate today to God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary my body and soul, myself, my arms and my life, offering them for the defence of Catholic truth; let all who have the same intention follow my example!" At this demonstration of courage the whole army knelt and ratified the same sacrifice. The event justified their holy preparations. Led by their gallant general the army dashed forth from the city and engaged in one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the times. These few Catholics became as so many lions; with such impetus did they rush down upon the army of the rebels that without scarcely allowing them time to take up arms, they scattered the whole force, put the enemy to flight, who were fortunate to escape, though they left twenty thousand dead upon the field. Among the first to fall mortally wounded was Pedro II, king of Aragon. The cause of the count of Toulouse was lost. The Albigenses still struggled for a while, but finally disappeared in the reign of Louis.

In the affair of the Albigenses two methods were resorted to by the Christian defenders. Simon

de Montfort accomplished the work by way of conquest ; the more permanent results, however, were due to the method of conversion, operated by the illustrious St. Dominic. Sent into the land of strife by command of the prince of peace, he carried with him only the weapons of eloquence. In the simple garb of a monk and with no other arms than the rosary that hung from his waist he travelled incessantly through Spain, France, into Toulouse, Narbonne, and Albi, inflaming every village and city by the fire of his eloquence. Not to himself, however, nor to the overwhelming power of his inspired words would he attribute the magnificent results that followed close upon his footsteps. The victory was a victory of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. To the efficacy of that form of prayer he would attribute not merely the conversion of ordinary sinners, but the actual discomfiture and total extinction of the arch-heresy of the times. The Albigensians vanished from the land of Christian Europe ; but the Rosary had remained with its never diminishing power, and although the great preacher of the days of the Spanish Crusade is no more, his spirit yet lives in the order which bears his name and whose elo-

quence is as powerful against the heresies of modern date as were the words of Dominic when the Albigenses endangered the peace of Europe.

Barbarossa.

A. D. 1121=1190.

The nature of the great struggle which convulsed Central Europe from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth century may in part be gathered from the nominal origin of the parties involved, though the issues at stake were fought out upon a broader field than the mere ambitions of two prominent families. The names Guelph and Ghibeline were heard for the first time when used as war cries in the battle of Weinsberg, in Swabia, in the year 1140. The contending parties, rivals for the imperial throne, were Conrad of Weiblingen of the house of Hohenstaufen, and Henry, the lion of the Welf family. Hence the names of Weiblingen or Ghibelines and Welfs or Guelphs. Guelph, the uncle of Henry the Lion, fought in favor of his nephew against Conrad III, who had disposed of the duchy of Bavaria in favor of his brother Leopold, margrave of Austria. The Guelphs thus despoiled of their rights gave their name as a battle cry to their followers.

The rivalry between the houses of Swabia and Bavaria for a long time divided the affections of Germany. But it went further than this, involving in its disputes the papacy itself, so that it soon became difficult to say whether its importance lay principally in the contest between the two families, in the contest between the popes and the emperors, or in the struggle of the free cities of Italy against the intolerable usurpations of the German monarchs. Certain it is that the papacy entered into all three phases of the controversy to a certain extent; but the disputes between the emperors and the popes relative to the donations made to the Holy See of the lands of the Countess Matilda gave to the struggles of the opposing factions somewhat of the aspect of a holy war, an aspect that was intensified by the concurrent issues of the times.

The most sanguinary scenes in this eventful episode took place in Italy after the exaltation to the throne of Frederic I of Swabia, a Hohenstaufen, better known under the name of Barbarossa. Filled with the ambition of universal domination he could ill brook the sentiments displayed at the time throughout the whole territory of Lombardy,

whose most powerful cities had evinced a determination of securing to themselves a complete independence from German rule and a republican form of government. The emperor, angry at such pretensions, placed himself at the head of his armies and marched into Italy with the intention of destroying these nascent republics, and after humbling the proud hopes of the Italian patriots he presented himself at Rome, in the year 1155, where he received the imperial crown from the hands of Pope Adrian IV.

An act of submission which the latter pontiff had made in regard to William of Sicily, an enemy of Frederic I, drew upon him the most bitter reproaches from the German emperor, and Adrian, to justify himself in that monarch's eyes, wrote to him a strong letter of remonstrance in which occurred an expression that gave no small umbrage to the Germans. The expression was simply this: "We have conferred a favor upon you"—"*beneficium contulimus.*" The emperor was made to believe that these words implied a dependence of the imperial crown upon the Holy See. He immediately gave way to his anger, heaped reproaches upon the papal legates and insisted upon a repara-

tion of the insult. Adrian, rather than plunge the world into useless war, explained the true signification of the words. The emperor was satisfied with the Pope's declaration, and a right understanding was restored between them.

But it would be idle for the papacy to expect any lasting peace with a monarch whose ambition was as unbounded as it was unscrupulous. Frederick I, in 1158, made a second descent upon Italy, scattering right and left all the miseries of fire and sword, and leaving as a memorial of his bloody conquest the depopulated ruins of the once proud city of Milan.

Adrian IV, too patient a pontiff to cope with the assaults of political intrigue, died in the year 1159, and was succeeded by a pope whose energy and statesmanship have made him one of the giants of the middle ages. This was Alexander III, the choice of the Roman church and the inflexible antagonist of Barbarossa's ambitious schemes. The election of Alexander was disputed and an anti-pope chosen to take his place. The latter, under the name of Victor V, received the only too ready support of the German monarch, as did also the three anti-popes who succeeded him.

In the struggle that ensued upon the issue of rightful possession in the papal chair the emperor gave the last impetus to the formation of a great Lombard league, and to the systematic organization of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. The Guelphs and the League, while defending the sovereign rights of the Lombard cities, undertook the defence of the magnanimous Alexander III. On every side the call to arms was heard and cities were strongly fortified to meet the assaults to be expected from the Ghibeline forces. Barbarossa from his home in Germany heard with astonishment the news of the great uprising, and raising a powerful army set forth for Italy with the determination of crushing out the rebellious spirit of the Lombards and of placing his new anti-pope, Paschal III, firmly upon the papal chair. He began his operations by laying siege to Ancōna, whose inhabitants bravely held out for twelve months and capitulated only when absolute necessity would permit of no other measure. The emperor then marched directly upon Rome. He there proposed to the rivals, Alexander and Paschal, that both should resign their claims to the papal throne and that a third should be elected. Alex-

ander's answer to this unusual demand was to launch upon the emperor the decree of excommunication and to fly for safety to Beneventum. The anti-pope remained in Rome under the protection of his imperial champion, whom, in 1167, he crowned as an expression of his gratitude.

In the meantime the Lombards of Northern Italy were not idle. Deputies from their principal cities met at a monastery near Milan and swore to provide for the safety of their common country. They aided the dispersed Milanese to return to their ruined city, and in honor of the pontiff who had so bravely espoused their interests they built a new city to which they gave the name of Alexandria. So terrible seemed these preparations of the League that Frederic found himself obliged to return again to Germany in order to gather new forces for its suppression. In his next descent upon Italy he found an insuperable obstacle in that Alexandria which, as yet without walls or roofs, sufficed to gather in the Italians and to enable them to resist their opponents for many months. The Lombards, moreover, occupied all the passages in the mountains and forced the emperor to engage in a battle between Legnano and Ticino, where, in

the year 1176, he was so completely discomfited that for a few days he seemed upon the point of death. In the meantime the Venetians had destroyed the imperial fleet and captured Otho, the son of Frederic.

Barbarossa now found himself under the necessity of suing for peace from Alexander III, who in conceding it did not omit the interests of the Lombard League, and after the solemn treaty of Venice in which the two sovereigns, spiritual and temporal, came to terms in 1177, hostilities were suspended on both sides.

The 24th of June, 1177, was indeed a day of triumph for the cause of the papacy as well as a beginning of joy for all Italy. The emperor, arrested in his mad flight, the independence of the Italian republics assured, the last of the anti-popes returned to his proper obedience, the Church could well afford to make it a day of rejoicing. Alsog, in his "Universal Church History", describes the final humiliation of the great Barbarossa :

" Entering the church of St. Mark's, at Venice, Frederic's heart was touched by the influence of Divine grace, and recognizing in his last misfortune the hand of God, he laid aside his imperial

robes, and, bowing down, prostrated himself at the feet of the Pope. But Alexander, bending forward, raised him up and gave him the kiss of peace, after which he celebrated Mass. On the following day the pontiff celebrated Mass again, and when the emperor entered the church met him at the door, conducted him to the altar and gave him Holy Communion. The emperor then held the stirrup while the Pope mounted his white horse, and seizing the bridle, conducted him to the palace of the Doges, amid the joyful acclamations of the multitude, and the triumphant strains of the *Te Deum*. Peace was solemnly declared on the 11th of August." Frederic then went back to his kingdom a wiser, and indeed, a happier man.

The end of Frederic Barbarossa was thoroughly in accord with his eventful life. In the year 1189, after subduing the Guelphs in Germany, and having the satisfaction of knowing that his whole kingdom was in a state of peace, he resigned the government to his eldest son, Henry, and set forth in a crusade toward the Holy Land at the head of 100,000 men. His course was marked by considerable victories at Philœmelium and Iconium, but, in the year 1190, as he was striving to ford a



BARBAROSSA LEADING THE POPE'S HORSE.

Controverted Points.

The extreme delicacy of the subjects included in this chapter has led the author to waive all effort at originality in their treatment, preferring rather to present the decisions of such world-famed judges as have made of these cases a study so thorough and exhaustive as to leave nothing to be desired. The subjects are sufficiently varied in interest to warrant for each a particular treatment, though the misconception which called them into discussion seems to possess the same essential feature in each case: that is, the unwarrantable identification of the Catholic Church in the political mistakes or severities of the nations. The more prominent of these disputed points as far as they come within the scope of this book may be reduced to a half dozen, the brief presentation of which shall be given in the words of De M^aistre, from his "Letters on the Spanish Inquisition"; "Corbett's Protestant Reformation" in regard to the matter of St. Bartholomew's Day; "Mensonges Historiques", Barthelemy, in regard to Gallileo; "Lingard's History" in what relates to

the Gunpowder Plot, while as to the character of Pope Boniface VIII and the affair of the Knights Templars the current histories of Alsog, Darras, Reeve, Salzano and others will give authoritative decisions.

Boniface the Eighth.

After the death of Pope Nicholas IV, the Holy See remained vacant for upwards of two years. The cardinals at length met at Perousa and unanimously chose a devout hermit, called Peter. An eminent degree of sanctity was the sole qualification which recommended him to their notice; for he had neither learning nor experience, nor the judgment requisite for that sublime station. He, however, consented to take upon him the arduous task in submission to the will of God, intimated to him as he thought by the public voice. He took the name of Celestine. Four months scarcely elapsed, when, feeling his own incapacity and the absolute impracticability of attending to his usual exercises of prayer and meditation, he determined within himself to go back to his former solitude. He accordingly abdicated the pontifical chair, and

in the act expressed a more heartfelt satisfaction than the most ambitious prince could have shown in mounting the throne of the richest empire in the world.

The retreat of St. Celestine was a favorable event to the views of Cardinal Cajetan, who had long fixed his eye upon the tiara. Cajetan was an active politician, a scholar well versed in canon and civil law, but extravagant in his pretensions to power over the temporal rights of sovereign princes. A plurality of votes in the Sacred College raised him to the papal throne in 1294, under the name of Boniface VIII. The Colonnas, a powerful family in Rome, and avowed enemies of the popes, gave him great disturbance in the beginning of his reign: they publicly arraigned the legality of his election and denied the validity of Celestine's abdication. Boniface excommunicated them, and so enforced his spiritual power by the sword that he compelled them to fly for refuge into France.

Too sanguine in his pursuits, Boniface sought to extinguish the flames of war that were kindled up between the princes of Europe; but the imperious tone he assumed in treating with Philip the Fair, king of France, involved him in a long

and stubborn contest with that violent and warlike monarch. Cause of resentment was certainly given on both sides. Boniface was undoubtedly wrong in pretending to make the temporal power dependent on the spiritual: but it must be remembered that Boniface in that was not singly wrong; his pretensions tallied with the general opinion of the age, an opinion acknowledged even and encouraged by the kings of France themselves, when suitable to their interest against a rival power. The opinion is universally rejected. The generality of French writers lose themselves in villifying the character of Pope Boniface, whom they charge with the whole blame of that acrimonious quarrel which happened between him and their favorite monarch, Philip the Fair. The character of that Pope, says a judicious critic of that nation, is not to be gathered from such passionate invectives; if Boniface was blamable, as he seems to have been, in some points, Philip was not less so in others. The faults of Boniface disappear when put in competition with those of Philip.

The Bull *Clericis Laicos*, published in the year 1296, gave great offence in England as well as in France. It was thought to contain an absolute

prohibition, under pain of excommunication, for the clergy to contribute towards the support of the State without leave from the Holy See. Strong remonstrances were made against it, and the Pope was under the necessity of explaining himself in a subsequent Bull, dated Orvieto, July 31st, 1297. In this Bull, His Holiness declares that his former prohibition extended only to forced exactions, not to free gifts and loans, nor to the feudal services, which the clergy owe to the laity in virtue of their fiefs. His Holiness moreover adds, that in case of necessity, when the defence of the State requires it, the king, according to his judgment, may demand and receive a subsidy from the clergy without consulting the Pope. This declaration, and the canonization of St. Lewis in the same year, disarmed the wrath of Philip for a time; it soon broke out again with fresh violence.

The Pope, in virtue of his divine commission to feed the whole flock of Christ, thought it a duty incumbent on him to insist upon the correction of certain abuses committed in France against justice and religion. The king contended that being possessed of an independent crown, he was not subject to the control of any mortal man in the govern-



COLONNA STRIKING THE POPE.

ment of his people : he ordered the Pope's Bull upon the subject to be publicly burnt, put a stop to all communication with the Holy See, proclaimed the election of Boniface to have been uncanonical, accused him of simony, of heresy, and of other crimes, and finally concerted measures to get possession of his person, that he might procure his deposition in a council, which he proposed to assemble at Lyons. The Pope in return laid France under an interdict, and threatened the king with personal excommunication, if he persisted. With a view of preventing this formidable stroke of spiritual power, William de Nogaret, lord of Cauvisson, and Sciarra Colonna, set off for Italy with the king's approbation, under the pretence of negotiating a peace with the Holy Father. They took with them large sums of money, by which they engaged a powerful party in their service. The Pope at that time resided at Anagni, his native town. The French emissaries had bribed the townsmen to second their enterprise. Nogaret and Colonna suddenly entered the place with an armed banditti, and took the Pope by surprise. Colonna loaded him with the grossest insult, struck him on the cheek with his gauntlet, and would have killed

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nounces the abolition of the order by a provisional decree only, not by a definitive and juridical decision upon the reality of the crimes of the accused. His Holiness ordained that the innocent should be honorably provided for out of the revenues of their late order, that the penitent should be kindly treated, and that those who had retracted their confession of guilt should be rigorously punished. The estates of the suppressed Knights were given to the Hospitallers, then called the Knights of Rhodes on account of their gallant defence of that island against the Turks. The Pope in thus disposing of the confiscated estates of the Templars, greatly disappointed the French king in his expectation of succeeding to all the forfeited property of the suppressed order within his dominions. But since he had agreed to let the Pope act in this matter as he might think fit, he was obliged to acquiesce.

The Pope suppressed the order of Templars because, since the loss of Palestine, its existence was, in fact, aimless; they then lost the spirit of their order and their downward course began. The order becoming hurtful to the Church, the Pope suppressed it, but he sent no one to the

torture or to the stake; it was Philip the Fair, an unscrupulous enemy of ecclesiastical rights, who burned the Templars. Let posterity, then, draw the line of demarkation between the conduct of Philip IV and Clement V, and give each one the credit of his works.

Upon this subject one might read, besides the current histories of Alsog, Darras, Reeve and the like, the "History of the Suppression of the Order of Templars", by Havemann, as also Rauner's "Manual of History."

The Inquisition.

With regard to this much misunderstood subject it will be impossible in these few pages to follow historical details; it will suffice to cite in order those various features of that institution which serve to show the part which the Catholic Church may have taken therein and to distinguish its responsibilities from those which belonged properly to the secular government.

First.—The Manichæan heresy, better known in modern times as that of the Albigenses, in the twelfth century, equally threatened the Church

and the State. Ecclesiastical commissioners were deputed to find out the seditious culprits, and were thence called Inquisitors. Pope Innocent III approved of this institution in 1204. The Dominicans first acted as the deputies of the Pope and his legates. The Inquisition, as far as they were concerned, was a part of their preaching department, and they were known by the name of preaching friars, which title they still retain. The Inquisition, properly so termed, was not lawfully established with its character and attributes, but by virtue of a Bull of Gregory IX, in the year 1234.

It is, moreover, solidly proved that the first Inquisitors, and St. Dominic, especially, never opposed heresy with any other arms than those of prayer, patience and instruction.

About the fifteenth century Judaism struck deep roots into the soil of Spain and threatened to kill the national plant. The riches and influence of the Jews, and their intermarriage with the most distinguished families of the government, rendered them truly formidable. They were, indeed, a nation within a nation. Mohometanism prodigiously increased the danger; that tree had been pulled down in Spain, but its roots were unim-

paired. The great question then was, whether the nation could continue its Spanish character and independence, or whether Judaism and Islamism would divide the spoil of these rich provinces; if superstition, despotism and barbarity were to drive their triumphal cars over the rights and lives of mankind. The Jews were nearly masters of Spain, and between the high-blooded Castilians and the degenerate sons of Israel no good feeling existed. Their hatred was mutual and was often carried to excess. The Cortes cried aloud for the adoption of severe measures. An insurrection broke out in 1391, and a dreadful slaughter ensued. The danger daily increased, and Ferdinand, surnamed the Catholic, supposed that, in order to save the country from utter ruin, it was indispensably necessary to establish the Inquisition, as best calculated to cure the political cancer which was rapidly corroding the heart of the nation. The Spanish Inquisition was thus established in the year 1478.

Second.—The Inquisition was a purely royal instrument; it was entirely in the hands of the king; and any mischief which might result from it should be attributed to the ministry of the

crown. If the proceedings were not regular, if the proofs were not clear, the counsellor of the king, in every capital case, could by a single word quash the suit. The voice of Religion, or of her priests, was never felt or heard on such an occasion. If the accused were unfortunately punished, though innocent of the charge, the fault and the crime should be imputed to the king, for having framed such a law, or to civil magistrates, who might have unjustly passed the sentence.

Third.—It is an axiom in history : “ *A sanguine abhorret Ecclesia*,”—the Church abhors bloodshed. Who does not know that priests are prohibited from practising surgery, lest their annointed hands should draw human blood, even for the purpose of effecting a cure. Moreover, the priest may not depose as a witness in capital proceedings, or at most, if compelled he testifies in pure obedience to justice and sues only for mercy.

Never did a priest, as a functionary of the law, assist at the scaffold. Whenever he appeared on such a tragic stage, his part was to act the martyr for the cause of Truth, or as the happy consoler of condemned humanity. The Church holds the effusion of blood in such abhorrence that she deems

all who abet, promote and effect a capital condemnation of a fellow being, even though it be accompanied by every religious consideration, to be disqualified from officiating at her altars.

Fourth.—According to the very principles of the Inquisition, and at a period which loudly called for the greatest severity, this tribunal confined itself to the confiscation of the criminal's property; and even that sentence was reversed, according to an act of grace, by the criminal abjuring his errors.

Fifth.—I shall now produce a sentence of the Inquisition of the most severe kind: “We have here declared, and do hereby declare, the accused, N. N., to be convicted as an heretical apostate, a favorer and abettor of heretics, a false and counterfeit penitent, and an impenitent relapser; by which crimes he has incurred the penalty of high excommunication, and the confiscation of all his property to the benefit of the royal chamber and the treasury of his majesty. We declare, moreover, that said accused, N. N., ought to be, and he hereby is, abandoned to justice and the secular arm. We, however, beg and most affectionately charge, in the strongest and best manner in our power, that he may be treated with kindness and mercy.”

We may say still further, that the Inquisition never condemns to death and that the name of a Catholic priest is never to be found in the document of a capital conviction.

Sixth.—Here are the words of a Spanish inquisitor to a Spanish king who on one occasion visited the prisons of this tribunal: “Permit me to ask you, sire, has your majesty seen those subterranean prisons, those frightful dungeons, those instruments of torture about which the enemies of the throne and the altar have talked so much in their crazy moments? Have you seen the ministers of the God of peace changed into so many Neros and Diocletians, lighting up the pile, and indulging in all the cruelty which the most systematic barbarity could devise? Your majesty has seen that the prisons are decent, even comfortable, and that the ministers of the holy office know how to temper justice with mildness and mercy. God grant that the visit of your majesty may be the means of rectifying the errors of such men as have abandoned the way of truth!”

Finally, that there were cruelties perpetrated upon those condemned by the Inquisition no one will deny; but in relation to them we must say

that the Church had no part in such cruelties,—that political governments alone are responsible,—that in almost every case the cruelties have been cruelly exaggerated,—that the nature of the Inquisition has been falsely represented,—that the time of the Inquisition was an age differing from our own,—and that if all the penalties resulting from this tribunal were compared with the barbarities of those very sects, whether religious or infidel, who make so much of the Inquisition, they would dwindle into insignificance; for even if the Inquisition should have made a prison house and poverty, Protestantism has made of the world an immense graveyard, wherein it inters both soul and body.

Galileo.

Down to the seventeenth century the world had motion of the sun around the earth, the geocentric or Ptolemaic astronomical system, as it was called. “For,” as an eminent French savant says, “all the researches which have been prosecuted with the most scrupulous exactness have failed to bring to light any other astronomy than that of

Ptolemy," and it was in accordance with this theory, natural to the uninstructed senses, that the Bible addresses itself to its readers.

One of the first to perceive the error of such a system was a certain Nicholas Cusa, a priest, the son of a poor fisherman, in the beginning of the fifteenth century. Thus almost two centuries before Galileo he had "boldly laid it down as his conviction that the earth, and not the sun, is in motion, and that the true system of astronomy should be called not geocentric, or earth central, but heliocentric, or sun central." For his strange discoveries he was called to Rome by Pope Nicholas V, who loaded him with every honor, crowning all by conferring upon him the cardinal's hat and appointing him bishop of Brixen in the Tyrol.

Much more distinguished for his astronomical researches than Cusa was the celebrated Copernicus, who, in the year 1500, was already a professor in the Pope's university in Rome, lecturing upon his famous theory to more than two thousand pupils. "Copernicus enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and when he was about to return to Germany, a pension for life was given him. When he was

unable, out of his slender income as canon of Frouenburg, to give to the world the great work on which he had devoted the labor of his life, Cardinal Schomberg, with princely munificence, came forward and undertook the entire expense of the publication. No wonder then, that when the great work appeared, it should have on its title page a tender and grateful dedication to the reigning pontiff, Paul III."

Now why was it that ecclesiastical authorities should have proved themselves so generous in the cases of Cusa and Copernicus, and yet have seemed harsh in the matter of Galileo, when all three were engaged in the same speculations? The principal reason lies in this: that the former philosophers in demonstrating their theories made use only of arguments deduced from astronomical or mathematical facts or assumptions, nor did they endeavor in their studies to intermeddle with the things of religion, while Galileo had endeavored to bolster up his theories by infringing upon a ground with which he could not be supposed to be sufficiently acquainted, and which after all was entirely foreign to his undertaking.

Without going into unnecessary details it will

suffice here to make two observations gathered from the writings of two Protestant authorities which will serve to put the whole question in a true light. These observations, taken from such writers as Brewster and Malet du pan, refer to the charges made against Galileo and to the mode of his punishment.

For what reason, therefore, was the philosopher cited before the supreme tribunal? It certainly was not because he taught the theory as to the motion of the sun around the earth, otherwise how can we explain the fact that the Church had already approved that theory in the teachings of Cusa and Copernicus, upon whom she showered the most brilliant honors. The tribunal condemned Galileo not as a bad philosopher, but as a bad theologian. It is true it was moved to its action in part by the disobedient defiance of the man, but its reproof of his words was referred in reality only to his assertion that the Scriptures would be wrong if they did not agree with his theory.

In the second place, how did the Inquisition treat the philosopher? Was there anything of cruelty or of excommunication in its punishment? Not at all. In a letter which he himself wrote, in

January, 1634, he gives us an idea of his imprisonment: "Let me tell you," he says, "that I have not enjoyed better health for years, thank God! than since my citation to Rome. I have been kept five months in confinement in the house of the Tuscan ambassador who, with his wife, has visited me and treated me with such exhibitions of friendship that he could not do more in regard to his own kindred. After the expedition of my case I was condemned to a liberal prison at the will of the Holy Father. For some days that prison was the palace and gardens of the grand duke, on the Trinita del Monte. Then I was transferred to the palace of the archbishop of Sienna, where I have passed five months in the company of Father Saint-Iré, and in continual visits on the part of the nobility of that place." The severest part of his punishment was the penance imposed on him of reciting the Penitential Psalms once a week, no doubt as a curb to his pride.

These two observations ought to suffice to show the absurdity of those numerous assertions as to arbitrary action on the part of the supreme tribunal, or to cruelty in the mode of his punishment. And these facts become more and more

evident in reading the case in all its details which may be found in a little book entitled "Catholic Belief", or in the more particular work entitled "Mensonges Historiques."

St. Bartholomew's Day.

Though the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place in France, yet it has formed so fertile a source of calumny against the religion of our fathers; it has served as a pretence with Protestant historians to justify or palliate so many atrocities on the part of their divers sects; and the queen of England and her ministers had so great a hand in first producing it, and then in punishing Catholics under pretence of avenging it,—that it is necessary for me to give an account of it.

The Calvinistic Coligni, this pretended saint, basely caused that gallant and patriotic nobleman, the duke of Guise, to be assassinated. But in assassinating this nobleman the wretch did not take off the whole of his family. There was a son left to avenge that father, and the just vengeance of this son the treacherous Coligni had yet to feel. Peace had taken place between the French king

and his rebellious subjects ; but Coligni had all along discovered that his treacherous designs only slept. The king was making a progress through the kingdom about four years after the pacification ; a plot was formed by Coligni and his associates to kill or seize him ; but, by riding fourteen hours without getting off his horse, and without food or drink, he escaped, and got safe to Paris. Another civil war soon broke out, followed by another pacification ; but such had been the barbarities committed on both sides, that there could be, and there was, no real forgiveness. The Protestants had been full as sanguinary as the Catholics ; and, which has been remarked even by their own historians, their conduct was frequently, not to say uniformly, characterized by plundering, and by hypocrisy and perfidy, unknown to their enemies.

During this pacification, Coligni had, by the deepest dissimulation, endeavored to worm himself into favor with the young king ; and, upon the occasion of a marriage between the king's sister and the young king of Navarre, (afterwards the famous Henry IV) Coligni, who, Conde being now dead, was become the chief of his sect, came to Paris with a company of his Protestant adherents,

to partake in the celebration, and that, too, at the king's invitation. After he had been there a day or two, some one shot at him in the street, with a blunderbuss, and wounded him in two or three places, but not dangerously. His partisans ascribed this to the young duke of Guise, though no proof has ever been produced in support of the assertion. They, however, got about their leader, and threatened revenge, as was very natural: Taking this for the ground of their justification, the court resolved to anticipate the blow; and on Sunday, the 24th of August, 1572, it being St. Bartholomew's Day, they put their design in execution. There was great difficulty in prevailing upon the young king to give his consent; but at last, by the representation and entreaties of his mother, those of the duke of Anjou, his brother, and those of the duke of Guise, he was prevailed upon. The dreadful orders were given; at the appointed moment the signal was made; the duke of Guise, with a band of followers, rushed to and broke open the house of Coligni, whose dead body was soon thrown out of the window into the street. The people of Paris, who mortally hated the Protestants, and who could not have forgotten Coligni's

having put the English in possession of Dieppe and Havre ; who could not have forgotten that, while the old enemy of France was thus again brought into the country of Coligni and his Protestants, this same traitor and his sect had basely assassinated that brave nobleman, the late duke of Guise, who had driven the English from their last hold, Calais, and who had been assassinated at the very moment when he was endeavoring to drive this old enemy from Havre, into which this Coligni and his sect had brought that enemy ;—the people of Paris could not but remember these things, and remembering them, they could but hold Coligni and his sect in detestation indescribable. Besides this, there were few of them, some one or more of whose relations had not perished, or suffered in some way or other, from the plunderings or butcheries of these marauding and murdering Calvinists, whose creed taught them that good works were unavailing, and that no deeds, however base or bloody, could bar their way to salvation. These Protestants, as they were called, bore no more resemblance to Protestants of the present day than the wasp bears a resemblance to the bee. That name then was, and it was justly, synonymous

with banditti,—that is, robber and murderer ; and the persons bearing it had been, by becoming the willing tool of every ambitious rebel, a greater scourge to France than foreign war, pestilence, and famine, united.

Considering these things, and taking into view that the people, always ready to suspect, even beyond the limits of reason, heard the cry of “ treason ” on all sides, is it any wonder that they fell upon the followers of Coligni, and that they spared none of the sect that they were able to destroy ? When we consider these things, and especially when we see the son of the assassinated duke of Guise lead the way, is it not a most monstrous violation of truth to ascribe this massacre to the principles of the Catholic religion ? With equal justice might we ascribe the act of Bellingham (who sent for his Church Prayer Book the moment he was lodged in Newgate) to the principles of the Church of England. No one has ever been base and impudent enough to do this ; why then, are there men so base and impudent as to ascribe this French massacre to Catholic principles ?

The massacre of Paris very far exceeded the wishes of the court ; and orders were instantly

despatched to the great towns in the provinces to prevent similar scenes. Such scenes took place, however, in several places; but though, by some Protestant writers, the whole number of persons killed has been made to amount to a hundred thousand, an account, published in 1582, and made up from accounts collected from the ministers of the different towns, made the number, for all France, amount to only 786 persons! Dr. Lingard, with his usual fairness, says, "if we *double* this number, we shall not be far from the real amount." The Protestant writers began at 100,000; then fell to 70,000; then to 30,000; then to 20,000; then to 15,000; and, at last, to 10,000!—all in round numbers! One of them, in an hour of great indiscretion, ventured upon obtaining returns of names from the ministers themselves; and then out came the 786 persons in the whole.

A number truly horrible to think of; but a number not half so great as that of those English Catholics whom *good* Queen Bess had, even at this time, (the fourteenth year of her reign) caused to be ripped up, racked till the bones came out of their sockets, or caused to be despatched, or to die in prison or in exile; and this too, observe, not

for rebellions, treasons, robberies, and assassinations, like those of Coligni and his followers, but simply and solely for adhering to the religion of their and her fathers, which religion she had openly practised for years, and to which religion she had most solemnly sworn that she sincerely belonged ! The annals of hypocrisy, conjoined with impudence, afford nothing to equal her behavior upon the occasion of the St. Bartholomew. She was daily racking people nearly to death to get *secrets* from them ; she was daily ripping the bowels out of women, as well as men, for saying or hearing that Mass for the celebration of which the churches of England had been erected ; she was daily mutilating, racking, and butchering her own innocent and conscientious subjects ; and yet she, and her profligate court women, when the French ambassador came with the king of France's explanation of the cause of the massacre, received him in *deep mourning*, and with all the marks of disapprobation. But, when she remonstrated with her " good brother ", the king of France, and added her hope that he would be indulgent to his Protestant subjects, her hypocrisy carried her a little too far ; for the queen-mother, in her answer to *good*

Bess, observed that, as to this matter, her son could not take a safer guide than his "good sister of England"; and that, while, like her, he forced no man's conscience, like her, he was resolved to suffer no man to practise any religion but that which he himself practised. The French queen-mother was still short of good Betsy's mark, for she not only punished the practise of all religion but her own, she, moreover, punished the people for not practising her religion, though she herself was a notorious apostate, and that, too, from motives as notoriously selfish.

The Gunpowder Plot.

The plot had first been managed according to Cecil's wish; his next undertaking was to perpetuate its memory, and to fling the whole odium of its destructive design upon the Roman Catholics. With that intent he took care to diffuse a general notion through the nation, that the gunpowder treason had been wickedly concerted and carried on by the machinations of that body, and he therefore gave it the denomination of a Popish plot. How unjustly that odious denomination has

been applied and propagated to the present day, a few remarks will suffice to show. The denomination is evidently meant to insinuate that the plot was either planned in common by some principal members of the Catholic persuasion, or sanctioned by the tenets of their religion; neither of which ever was or ever can be proved.

First.—No Catholic of any distinguished note or character stands accused of being either an accomplice or an abettor of that execrable conspiracy. History furnishes us with the names of nine men, and calumny itself has not been able to muster more than nine, who any ways concurred or consented to the plot; all in a private station of life, men of no rank, of no authority, and of no great connections. But they were reputed Catholics. Be it so; whatever may have been their religious profession or their practise before they engaged in treason, the moment they engaged they departed from the principles and duties of their Catholic profession. Now, on account of the treason of nine such men, whom no Catholic ever did or ever will attempt to justify, is it reasonable, is it consistent with common justice, or with common sense, to stigmatize the whole Catholic body?

If the errors or misdemeanors of a few individuals are to be cast upon the whole, where shall we find an assemblage of mortal men secure from censure? Will any one dare to charge the crime of treason upon the whole apostolic college, because Judas, one of the twelve, betrayed his Divine Master? What outrage and what folly would it be to load the Catholic Church with the imputation of schism, of Lutheranism, or of Calvinism, because Henry VIII, Martin Luther, and John Calvin, were once members of the Catholic communion? To magnify the number of conspirators, some authors include those country gentlemen and their attendants who met Catesby in Warwickshire on the 6th of November, and defended him against the sheriff's posse. It appears evident, from Sir Everard Digby's trial, that those gentlemen at that time had no knowledge of the gunpowder treason. That Catesby and his associates, from London, were accused of some misdemeanor, they most probably knew; but that they were guilty of a plot which was known to nine persons only, they could not possibly conjecture. It was the calamity of those days to accuse Catholics of dark plots, which had no existence anywhere except in the ministerial cabinet.

Second.—It is not credible that the body of Roman Catholics could so far forget their religion and their interest, as to engage in a desperate plot, from which they had the worst of consequences to dread, and no good to expect. Twenty Catholic peers, the ornament and chief support of the Catholic cause, then sat in the upper house; in case of an explosion they all must have perished in the common wreck. Their destruction would have been an irreparable misfortune to the Catholic interest, and clearly demonstrates that the Gunpowder Plot cannot with any propriety be denominated a Popish plot, or a plot designed by Catholics to promote the Catholic cause. Can any man in his right senses imagine, that the explosion was to have acted like a magic sound, and that from the ashes of the dead, a new king, a new ministry, and a new Parliament, were instantly to start up and to reinstate the Catholic religion? The conduct of the conspirators, indeed, was such as if they thought so. But, in fact, they did not think about it; from the authors whom we have quoted it appears that the future welfare of religion made no part of their plan, nor ever entered their thoughts. In an account of the plot, we are ex-

pressly told that they had advanced some way in the mine, without having once considered what measures were to be pursued after the mine was sprung. So wholly were they bent upon the sole object of revenge, that they seem to have had no other object in view. Let impartial men now judge, whether so indigested and so mad an undertaking, of nine vindictive fanatics, can possibly be deemed a Popish plot, as is generally represented.

Third.—It is pretended that Roman Catholics hold every undertaking, however horrid, to be lawful, if the mother Church is benefited by it. Certain writers, to their shame, generally betray no less malevolence than ignorance, almost as often as they touch upon Catholic doctrines. They are much in the habit of asserting one calumny in support of another, when neither has the least foundation in truth. So it has happened in the many declamations that have annually been made upon the subject of the gunpowder treason. The knowledge of what Catholics really teach and believe in matters of faith and morality, is to be gathered from their approved authors, not from the loose assertions and abusive declamations of their adversaries. Upon examination it will be

found that the Catholic doctrine differs not from that of the apostle, who declares that "evil is not to be done that good may come from it." That no intention whatever can sanctify any sinful or immoral action, and that no prospect of any eventual advantage can ever justify treason or murder, is a maxim held by all who faithfully adhere to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic religion.

Fourth.—To make the story of a Popish plot pass more current through the world, the enemies of the Catholic cause have employed much misrepresentation, much virulence, and much falsehood, in endeavoring to prove that several of the Catholic clergy were concerned as principals in the gunpowder treason. They have failed in their endeavor; but, had they succeeded, still they would have proved nothing against the Catholic clergy at large, unless they could have shown that such conspiracies and treasons were by principle authorized amongst them. John Speed, with other historians, but without proof, has asserted that the three Jesuits, Gerard, Tesmond, alias Greenway, and Garnet, were implicated in the plot; and Smollett has moreover added, that Mr. Garnet adminis-

tered an oath of secrecy to the conspirators. If so, how did it happen that the sagacious attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke, should know nothing of it; or if he did, that he should let it pass unnoticed in his charge? From the manner in which that learned lawyer conducted the prosecution, it is evident that he wanted neither inclination nor abilities to expose the accused, in as criminal a light as the case would admit. Can it be contended that it was a more heinous crime in Mr. Garnet to have kept a secret, which he could not have disclosed without sacrilege, than to have concurred in a wicked oath for the encouragement of treason? Why was he indicted for concealing only, if he had been guilty of committing it? The conclusion then must be, that either no oath was ever administered by Mr. Garnet, or that no evidence could be found to prove it. The public attestation given by the French ambassador, Monsieur de la Boderie, as mentioned above, is alone sufficient to wipe off every aspersion that has been cast upon Mr. Garnet and his brethren, respecting the gunpowder treason. Mr. Garnet, from the station he held in his order, was a well-known character. Had he been possessed of less talents,

and of fewer virtues, probably much less would have been said and written by the enemies of his religion to make him appear different from what he was. He was universally respected for his meek and humble deportment, for his prudence and charity, for his sweet and engaging behavior toward all men, as a contemporary writer witnesses of him. He finally died a martyr for his religious fidelity in the exercise of his ministerial function. A brief account of his conduct in the last stage of his mortal pilgrimage, may not be unacceptable, as it is in substance transmitted to us in a manuscript, penned by an eye-witness of his trial and death.

The Reverend Henry Garnet having been arraigned for concealing the knowledge he had of the gunpowder treason, and being found guilty by a jury of men who regarded not the sacred tie of sacramental confession, under which he received that knowledge, was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. On the 3d of May, 1606, in the morning, he was conducted out of his chamber in the Tower, placed in a sledge upon a bundle of straw, and publicly conveyed through the city to St. Paul's churchyard. There, opposite to the

west gate of the church, a scaffold was erected, and adjoining to it a high gibbet ; on one side a stage was raised, on which he was to be quartered, and near it a blazing fire for the burning of his entrails. Being helped out of the sledge, the motion of which had made him dizzy, he went up the steps of the scaffold, and with a smiling countenance saluted the crowd ; then lifting up his eyes towards Heaven, he thus addressed them : “ This day is the finding of the holy cross, under the protection whereof it has pleased God that I am to put an end to all the crosses and miseries of the present life ; it is a day of solemnity and jubilation to us. The cause of my death you are already acquainted with, and I willingly submit to the order of Divine Providence. As for the late treasonable attempt of blowing up the Parliament house, as I hope for salvation, I never was acquainted with it, only in confession, which I was obliged not to reveal. I have always detested such treasonable practices ; I know them to be contrary to the sentiments of the bishop of Rome, and not countenanced by any doctrine in our Church.” He was proceeding to say something concerning his faith, when the recorder interrupted him, and

pressed him to own his guilt against the king, and to ask forgiveness. "As far as I have offended his majesty," replied Mr. Garnet, "so far I ask pardon with all my heart." "Do you hear him?" exclaimed the recorder; "he asks pardon of the king for the Gunpowder Plot." "Mr. Recorder, you wrong me," said Mr. Garnet; "I was never guilty of such a design; whatever regards that design, I am obliged to declare myself innocent." Having made this solemn declaration, he prepared himself for his last moments by fervent prayer. Lifting up his eyes to Heaven, and making the sign of the cross, he devoutly said: "We adore thee O Christ, and we bless thee, because by thy cross thou hast redeemed the world; this sign shall be in Heaven, when the Lord shall come to judge. Alleluia." Then calling upon the Blessed Virgin Mary, and several times repeating the words, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he placed his arms across, and was turned off the ladder. The executioner was about to cut him down immediately, as he had done to many others who suffered for religion, but the people would not permit it; and when his severed head was held up to them, instead of shouting, as was

usual, at the execution of a traitor, they moved off in silence, and with discontent in their looks ; many of them said that his behavior was a plain contradiction to the character which his enemies had given of him.

Fifth.—To make the tale of a Popish plot still more popular, it was maliciously reported that the gunpowder conspiracy owed its birth to two papal Bulls, in which the Catholics of England were supposed to have been exhorted not to admit any other than a Catholic sovereign to reign over them. In answer to this calumny, it must be observed, that the charge alludes to two pastoral letters, which Pope Clement VIII, a virtuous and enlightened prelate, addressed to the English Catholics in 1599. But no exhortation of a disloyal or seditious tendency is to be found in either of these letters, or in any other that is known to come from Rome. Clement, like a good shepherd, exhorts his little flock in the British dominions to bear their sufferings with a Christian patience ; to pray for the grace of fortitude, to remain firm in faith, steadfast in their duty, and resigned to the Divine will. The Parliament met on the day appointed, and immediately adjourned to the ninth.

The king then told them in his speech, that the plot should make no alteration in his plan of government; that he knew how to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty; that he did not charge the plot upon the body of Catholics, nor upon any foreign power; and in his proclamation for apprehending the conspirators, he declares it to have been the contrivance of no more than eight or nine desperadoes. A declaration so authentic from the throne surely ought to have prevented, or to have wiped away every tinge of suspected guilt from the great body of Catholics. But to satisfy the political views of the ministerial and puritanical party, a lasting stigma was to be fixed upon the Catholic character. A loud cry against Popery resounded through the nation; the sound, after a lapse of two hundred years, has not quite subsided. A day was appointed to commemorate the villany of nine abandoned men; the institution is still observed with no other effect than to perpetuate ill-will among Christians, distrust and animosity among subjects. Bitter declamation, calculated to mislead and inflame the public mind against loyal subjects, has too long disgraced the pulpit in the morning; mobbish bon-

fires in the evening have continued to blaze on the 5th of November, to the great annoyance of peaceful citizens, and to the discredit of a civilized nation.

Beginnings of Protestantism.

The course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was marked by fierce struggles between the supremacy of the spiritual and that of the temporal world. These conflicts were especially bitter in France, which country, in order to accumulate to itself the disposition of all power, strove with unconquerable determination to bring within the scope of its authority the very sceptre of the Papacy itself. The results of these hostilities were manifested in two very important adventures of the Church; the Babylonian Captivity and the Great Schism of the West. The first of these persecutions was the transferring of the Holy See from Rome to Avignon, where like the Israelites of old, the people of God spent seventy years in virtual captivity to a hostile government. From 1305 until 1378 the Sovereign Pontiffs were captives under the eye of the French kings, at Avignon. The other great adventure to which the Church was then subjected, consisted in the confusion arising from the adverse claims of various claimants to the papal chair, whence arose a sort

of schism in the Church, lasting from the accession of Urban VI, in 1378, until the election of Martin V, in 1417. One of the most unfortunate results of these dangerous afflictions was the germ which was then first sown and which was later to wield so great a part, not only in opposition of Protestant sectaries, but especially in the obstinacy of the French Jansenists, and the leaders of the Gallican doctrines generally. This germ was the doctrine, then disseminated by the adherents of French political power, to the effect that in cases of disagreement from papal decisions it might be of right to appeal to a future council. This doctrine, opposed as it was to the very constitution and nature of the Church was combatted with every effort of her suffering existence, nor did its adherents finally give up until the Church, after centuries of persecution and warfare had declared the inviolable supremacy and infallibility of her divinely constituted head.

It was scarcely fifty years after the ending of the Great Schism of the West when a spirit came into the world who was destined to effect enormous changes in the whole ecclesiastical life of Christendom. At Eiselben, in Germany, in the

year 1484, was born Martin Luther, the founder of Protestantism. He was the child of poor parents, so poor indeed that the young Martin, in order to obtain for himself the benefits of an education was obliged to go from door to door ekeing out a few pence wherewith to purchase books. His fine voice and knowledge of music, both vocal and instrumental, made him a favorite at the school of Eisenach ; it were well if the amiable qualities of early life had continued to influence his behavior in the years of mature manhood. At the age of twenty-three he received the degree of Master of Philosophy, which was but the proper recognition of a mind naturally subtle, and, moreover, refined by deep and incessant study.

The disposition of Luther was not by nature inclined toward the monastic life ; in fact, he afterwards affirmed that he had embraced the habit rather contrary to his inclinations. He was walking, one day, in company with a friend, when a sudden storm arose. A thunderbolt fell upon them, and striking his companion, killed him upon the spot. The sudden fatality produced so deep an impression upon the heart of Luther that he became an Augustinian friar and was ordained priest

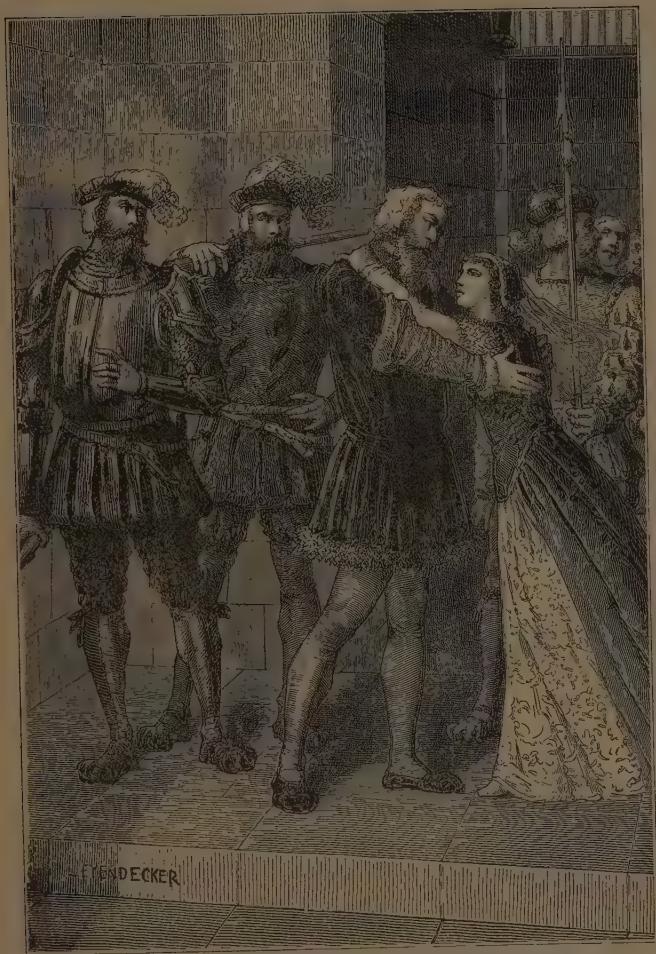
in 1506. In the year 1510 the reformer undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, making the whole journey of twelve hundred miles on foot. Arriving in sight of the Eternal City, he fell upon his knees, crying out: "Hail, holy Rome, thrice sanctified by the blood of martyrs!" It was not long before he should again salute that city with every epithet of scorn and indignation.

The cause that led to the final defection of Luther was of itself insignificant in the extreme; yet it served as a spark to enkindle a gigantic conflagration. The illustrious pontiff, Leo X, had set his heart upon the completion of the great basilica of St. Peter's, in Rome. It was a part of his design to make this temple as nearly worthy of the Divine Presence as human efforts might afford. To effect this required immense sums of money, which, as it was to be devoted to the cause of religious devotion, should naturally be gathered up through the aid of religious exercises. To contribute to such work was in itself a pious work and as such might receive from the Church a certain value if performed with the proper dispositions. The Holy Father therefore proclaimed an indulgence to all contributors to the building of

St. Peter's. To gain such indulgence, however, it was not sufficient to give the required alms; it was necessary above and beyond this, that the participants should first be free from all sin and have made a resolution never to sin again, as no indulgence can be gained without such conditions.

The Sovereign Pontiff confided the promulgation of this indulgence to the cardinal-archbishop of Mayence, who, in turn commissioned one John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, to preach the same throughout the churches. Hereupon a spirit of jealousy was excited in the breast of the Augustinian prior, to whose order this commission had hitherto been granted, and learning that the authorized preachers had permitted some abuses in regard to the subject of their discourses, he commissioned the young monk, Martin Luther, to combat the same. Luther, however, growing warm in the exercise of his work, overstepped the bounds of his commission, and from combatting the abuses of indulgences, he soon fell to decrying indulgences themselves.

The war was, thereupon, begun in real earnest. From one error Luther fast fell into others more hideous and more desolating. Finding himself



PARTING OF SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

disgraced with Rome, he determined to cut away from Rome altogether. He defied the authority of the Holy See, and burned the Bulls sent him by the Holy Father. To crown all his extravagant career and as if to demonstrate the carnal origin of his whole rebellion, he dashed to pieces his sacred vow of chastity and married a consecrated nun.

The cry that had been thus raised in the depths of a German forest, by the voice of a disaffected monk, spread with lightning rapidity throughout Germany. Princes and people, lured by the prospect of unlimited license, abandoned the fold of Christ and assumed the standard of the heresiarch. The new spirit spread into Switzerland and France, where diversity of place and multiplicity of leaders, divided it into many distinct phases, all however coalescing in the one general object, to protest against the Church of Christ. Hence the name that has clung to them through three centuries.

In England, Protestantism took its rise from circumstances not less peculiar than those which stirred up religious rebellion in continental Europe. Henry VIII had, at one period of his life, so

strenuously defended the Church against the aggressions of Luther that he merited to receive from the Holy Father the glorious title of "Defender of the Faith." The carnal disposition of the king was, however, too dominant in his nature to allow him long to subserve the interest of a spiritual authority. He had married, with all knowledge of the indissolubility of the marriage tie, the young and beautiful Catharine of Aragon. His wedding had received the highest benedictions of the Church and nothing was wanting to insure its perpetual happiness but the fidelity of the royal groom himself. The affections of Henry were, however, soon estranged from his young wife when the charms of the more beautiful Anne Boleyn began to attract his attentions. His passion for the latter at length passed beyond the bounds of restraint, and in an evil moment he formed the determination of ridding himself of Catharine and taking the more pleasing Anne as his wife. He applied to the reigning Pope, Clement VII, for a divorce, which the Holy Father refused most decidedly to grant, whereupon the angry king rejected altogether the authority of the Holy See, proclaimed himself as head of the English church, and, in defiance of

ecclesiastical law, dismissed Catharine of Aragon, making Anne Boleyn his wife.

From such strange beginnings did the Protestant church take its rise in England. Founded upon an unlawful marriage, it was sustained by the effusion of innocent blood. The wives of Henry VIII were companions, upon the scaffold, of many illustrious and noble men. The saintly Bishop Fischer and the learned Sir Thomas More gave to the English executions of those days somewhat of the lustre that glowed around the deaths of the old martyrs in the Colosseum of Rome, and the number and the fortitude of those who followed them, both in England and in Ireland, under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, make the annals of the Christian Church in those times read like a page of Christian history in the primitive days of the Apostles.

Cardinal Ximenes.

A. D. 1436.

Ximenes was born at Torre Laguna, in the archdiocese of Toledo, in Spain, A. D. 1436. He pursued his early education at Alcala and at the University of Salamanca, completing it finally at home. At the university the young ecclesiastic gained much distinction on account of his great abilities as a student of ecclesiastical law, and when after a short time he was obliged to return to his native place, he carried with him a pontifical brief from Pius II, granting him the right to the first vacant benefice in the archdiocese of Toledo. He had scarcely gained his home when he heard that the post of archpriest of Ureda was vacant; he accordingly laid before the archbishop his claim to the place. He was, however, refused; whereupon he endeavored to enforce his claim by an appeal to ecclesiastical law. The archbishop, angered at his persistency, ended the matter at once by casting the young claimant into prison, where he remained six long years.

The school of imprisonment was not without

its value to Ximenes, as he had evidently so calmed the impulses of young ambition, that the world and its honors had for him no more attraction. It is true that he accepted the honorable position of vicar-general to Mendoza in the cathedral of Sigüenza, but as his heart was more inclined to the pursuits of evangelical perfection, it was not long before he resigned his preferment. A love of retirement and prayer drew him to the cloisters of St. Francis, where, in 1477, he received with joy the emblems of all that could now attract him, the habit of the Franciscans. Nor might even the comparative quiet and seclusion of the monastery within the city walls satisfy his craving for utter solitude and companionship with God alone. He sought the wild silence of the forest, dividing his time in contemplation of the eternal truths, in the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and in prayer. But the voice of God that ranges through the universe, ringing from world to world, could penetrate into the density of the Spanish woods, and summons from his fancied security one who deemed himself as least among men.

In the year 1492 Isabella I, queen of Castile, was obliged to lose her confessor, upon whom the

high dignity of the archbishopric of Granada had been conferred. In her perplexity she turned to Cardinal Mendoza, who mindful of his old friendship for Father Ximenes, founded as it was upon a high estimation of his abilities and rare sanctity, at once proposed him to the queen for the vacant office. Delighted at the proposal, Isabella called the humble Franciscan to the court, where she begged him to accept the post of confessor to Her Majesty. With much hesitation Father Ximenes accepted the high trust, but only upon condition that he should not be required to dwell at the royal court, or be in any way impeded in the exercise of his religious avocations. He continued in the exercise of this important ministry for two years, during which time not only Isabella, but the whole royal family found in him an angelic consoler, and a prudent counsellor in the many adversities and troubles of the times.

In the year 1495 Cardinal Mendoza died, archbishop of Toledo and chief councillor of the state. The choice of his successor was determined by the wish expressed by the late cardinal that he should be succeeded by Father Ximenes. When, however, the queen made known that she desired

that her humble confessor should be elevated to the archbishopric of Toledo, she met with opposition from various quarters, and from none so persistent as from Father Ximenes himself. The queen, yielding to the urgent objections of the latter, thereupon selected for the vacant see the venerable Archbishop Oreposa, whose name was accordingly sent on to Rome to be ratified by Pope Alexander VI. But, before this confirmation could take place, Isabella had reconsidered her action, remembering the recommendation of the late Cardinal Mendoza, and influenced by her sincere admiration for Father Ximenes. She hurried, therefore, to dispatch a second courier to Rome to revoke the first nomination and to propose the name of Father Ximenes. When the answer of the Pope reached the royal palace Father Ximenes had come as usual to hear the confession of the queen, and on completing his service was about to return again to the solitude of his monastery, when he received an order summoning him to the presence of the queen. The good father obeyed, and on meeting with his sovereign was presented by her with the letter of the Pope, bearing upon it the address: "To our Venerable Brother, Francis

Ximenes, archbishop-elect of Toledo." Father Ximenes merely glanced at the address, and handed back the letter to the queen, declaring that it could not have been meant for him ; he then hurriedly left the palace, overwhelmed with the deepest confusion. For six months he continued firm in his resolution not to accept the proffered honor, and doubtless his determination would have remained unshaken to the end did he not receive a positive command from the Pope, obliging him to undertake the office. He was finally consecrated archbishop of Toledo, near the end of the year 1495.

The new prelate had determined, however, that the change in his official position should not affect his ordinary mode of life. Indeed, it must be said that it created in him a desire for newer and more severe austerities than before. Some idea of his extreme mortifications may be gathered from the fact that every day he made it a point to feed thirty poor men, sometimes even waiting upon them himself. He divided his resources into two parts, giving one-half to the poor, and expending the rest upon the maintenance of his household and for public works. Such was his desire to

imitate his Divine Master in abjectness of apparel, and neglect of self, that he at last forced upon himself a reproof from the Pope, who desired him to change his habits so as to accord better with the decorum due to his ecclesiastical dignity. A wish from the Holy Father was a command to the humble archbishop, who thenceforth appeared, in public at least, to the satisfaction of his friends.

Archbishop Ximenes began the administration of his see, the primacy of Spain, with the good will of all with whom his offices brought him in contact. His prosperous and happy course was, however, quickly embittered by an unfortunate event. He had made it one of the loftiest ambitions of his life to bring into the fold of the Church the many Moors still dwelling in Castile, and as yet tolerated in the practice of Mahometanism. The principal stronghold of the sect was in the city of Granada, wherein a certain district, called the Albaycin, was allotted as their exclusive habitation. To Granada accordingly the new primate directed his principal efforts. Taking up his residence in that city he began at once a series of vigorous measures for the extirpation of Mahometanism, so much so as to call down upon his

head the most vindictive oburgations, not only from the Moorish population, but from many Christians of the place, to whom the saintly life of the primate was cause for reproach. The dissatisfaction was brought to an extremity on a certain day when three of Ximenes' servants, engaged upon some errand which brought them within the limits of the Albaycin, contrived to stir up a dispute with some of the inhabitants of the quarter. The disputants at last came to blows, two of the servants were massacred on the spot, and their comrade escaped with difficulty from the infuriated mob. The unfortunate affair became the signal for insurrection. The populace sprang to arms, barricaded the gates of the quarter, and defied the Spanish authorities. The following night the Moors besieged the palace of the primate, regarding him as the principal author of the Mahometan misfortunes, and as instigator of the troubles of the preceding day. A host of friends gathered around the archbishop of Toledo, beseeching him to fly from the palace and take refuge in the Alhambra, a stronghold of the city, and remain there until the settlement of the riot. But the intrepid prelate, too magnanimous to abandon his post,

replied : “ God forbid I should think of my own safety when so many of the faithful are imperilling theirs ! No, I will stand to my post and wait there, if Heaven wills it, the crown of martyrdom.” The rebellion lasted ten days, during which, the name and the credit of the archbishop commenced sensibly to decrease among the people, and even with the king and queen, who had labored for many years and in many hard-fought battles to wrest the city from Moorish domination. Rumor, as usual, exaggerated the state of affairs, and hence it became reported at Seville, where the king and queen were staying, that Granada had again fallen into the hands of the Moors, and that Archbishop Ximenes was the cause of it from his too great solicitude for the conversion of the infidels to Christianity. The queen, astounded at the sad news, yet unwilling to acknowledge any fault in her grand minister, at first endeavored to defend his action. It was useless, however, as the efforts of envy and jealousy had already diffused the alarm in all quarters. She wrote to the archbishop, demanding an explanation. The latter hastened to send a messenger to Seville with a satisfactory reply, but the latter was maliciously

delayed ; his letter could not reach its destination. Another reply was despatched in the charge of a trusty Franciscan, announcing that the archbishop would repair at once to the court to answer for his conduct. Ximenès accordingly set out for Seville, and on reaching the queen explained the affair so lucidly that all blame was removed from him. Indeed he soon convinced his royal masters of the great advantage accruing to Granada from this outbreak, inasmuch as it had for its result the total abolition of the Mahometan sect in Spain.

As a mark of appreciation for his eminent services to the Spanish church, Pope Julius II, in 1507, created Ximenes a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. The new cardinal was able to repay this mark of pontifical kindness by bringing to the aid of the Pope in his difficulties the wealth and resources that lay in his power.

In 1509 the aged cardinal undertook for the cause of Spain and of the Church a task difficult and daring enough to discourage even younger ambition. Oran, a rich and well fortified city in Algeria, ever offered itself as a menace to the safety of Spain. Cardinal Ximenes determined to put an end at once to its dangerous prominence by

conquest and to reduce it to a dependency of the Spanish crown. In May of that year the great minister, arming himself and arrayed as a military general, set forth at the head of an army of ten thousand infantry and four thousand horsemen. The city yielded at the first assault, with a loss to the Moors of nine thousand men, while only thirty remained on the field from the Catholic forces. At the happy news of this great victory the cardinal was filled with joy, and, unable to sleep, passed the whole night in thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts. On the following day he made his triumphal entry into Oran, repeating continually the verse of David: “*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomine tua da gloriam.*” On returning to Spain he met the king, who descended from his carriage to embrace the victor; and Leo X, on learning of the conquest, broke into expressions of admiration for the great cardinal, qualifying him as defender of the Church and protector of Spain.

One of the most noteworthy works of this celebrated cardinal was certainly the new edition of the Polyglot Bible, in four languages. Begun almost in the very infancy of the art of printing, and pursued with indefatigable zeal for fifteen

years, it employed the researches of the most learned and erudite men of the times, and was published in 1515 at an expense of fifty thousand scudi. This gigantic work would in itself have been sufficient for the glory of one man, were there nothing else in him to compel admiration.

Ferdinand died in 1516, and on his deathbed deputed Cardinal Ximenes as governor of the kingdom of Castile, and regent of Spain for his nephew and heir, Charles V. In this capacity he made strenuous efforts to remove the oppressive behavior of the Spaniards toward the newly-conquered Americans. Invested with absolute power he sustained intrepidly a severe struggle against the pretensions of the *grandees*, overawed them into submission, and by his vigor and determination quelled an incipient insurrection in Navarre. For the better consolidation of the Spanish dominions Ximenes urged Charles V to set out from Flanders and return to Spain. The young king accorded at first with the views of the cardinal, but on the way to Madrid the enmity of those who had suffered defeat at the hands of Ximenes contrived to stir up feelings of envy and suspicions in the mind of Charles. The result of this unfortunate

influence was the dismissal of the faithful, but too powerful premier.

Cardinal Ximenes, learning of the approach of Charles V, had set out to meet him, when, overcome by fever, and recognizing his approaching end, he prepared himself for death, full of confidence in the merits of Christ. He passed away peacefully at Aranda, November 6, 1517, in the eighty-first year of his age. The Church, in recognition of his holiness of life, has later decorated his name with the title of Venerable.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Cardinal Richelieu.

A. D. 1586.

Armand du Plessis Richelieu was born in 1586. He had not been destined for the Church, and he was pursuing a layman's course of study at the college of Navarre, under the name of the Marquis of Chillon, when his elder brother, Alphonse, becoming dissatisfied with the life of the secular clergy, entered a Carthusian monastery, and resigned the bishopric of Luçon in favor of Armand, whom Henry IV nominated to it in 1605. At Rome some objection was made to his extreme youth; but the young nominee hastened to the Vatican and delivered before the Pope a Latin discourse which scattered all objections to the winds. He was consecrated at Rome, in 1607, and returning to Paris took possession of his see of Luçon, "the poorest and meanest in France," as he himself said.

In 1614 a general assembly of the states-general was called at Paris, to which he was sent as a delegate from the clergy. Although but twenty-eight years of age at the time, he had yet

so greatly solidified his importance in the eyes of the hierarchy that he was chosen to deliver in the presence of Louis XIII a discourse on various ecclesiastical matters. He displayed in this oration such wealth of learning and such skilful command of the art of oratory that he not only gained success for the question at issue, but also materially advanced the importance of his own personal position. He complained of the lack of ecclesiastical attendance in the royal councils. He praised the young king for his devotion to the queen-mother, thereby rendering himself pleasing in the eyes of the latter. The admiration caused by this speech was expressed by the court in various appointments of singular importance. The young bishop was called to the post of almoner to the queen-regent, Anne of Austria. In 1616 Marshal D'Ancre conferred upon him the posts of secretary of state for war and foreign affairs, and all France knew that a great man had appeared upon the stage of Europe.

One may begin a great career with all the world his friend; to continue in greatness is to have all the world for an enemy. It is a rule to which there are but few exceptions. Richelieu's

career conformed to the rule. His first opponent in the management of French affairs was Duke Albert de Luynes. A favorite of the king, into whose good graces he had contrived to enter by various artifices, he had gained over his sovereign so potent an influence that he easily banished from court interference every obnoxious person, and even caused the execution of the powerful Duke D'Ancre, marshal of France and favorite of Maria de Medici, the queen-mother. Scarcely had he risen to power by the assassination of his rival than he began at once to direct his attentions to the rising influence of Richelieu. The latter, in the face of the difficulties thus encountered, found himself placed under the alternative either of succumbing to the intrigues of De Luynes by a complete surrender of his influence, or of incurring his open hostility by espousing the cause of the queen-mother, now rendered powerless through the death of her favorite, the Duke D'Ancre. He chose the latter course, so that when the mother of the king was exiled from court and relegated to the obscurity of Blois, Richelieu contrived that he should be commanded to accompany her thither. On arriving at Blois in 1617, he began by dividing his

life between the petty court in disgrace and his diocese of Luçon. He wished to set Albert de Luynes at rest as to his presence at the court of Maria de Medici and his devotion to her. He had but small success, however. The favorite was suspicious and anxious. Richelieu appeared to be occupied with nothing but the duties of his office : he presided at conferences ; and he published against the Protestants a treatise entitled " The Complete Christian." Luynes was not disposed to believe in these exclusively religious pre-occupations ; he urged upon the king that Richelieu should not live constantly in the queen-mother's neighborhood, and in June, 1617, he had orders given him to retire to Avignon.

Richelieu obeyed without making any objection ; he passed two years at Avignon, protesting that he would never depart from it without the consent of Luynes and without the hope of serving him.

The favor and fortune of the favorite, meanwhile, went on increasing day by day. In 1617 he married the daughter of the duke of Montbazon, and in 1619 induced the king to change his estate to a duchy, under the title of Luynes. In 1621 he

was created constable, to which in reality he had no military claim. It became clear to Richelieu that as long as Luynes continued to sway the will of the sovereign there was little hope of gaining the ascendancy in court affairs to which he aspired. But as a bishop he had already learned the lesson of patience,—he could afford to wait until the weak efforts of the favorite should have worn him out and left him powerless for further mischief. Thus Richelieu bore with calmness his long exile at Avignon. In the petty wars lasting from 1619 to 1721 he acted vigorously for the rights of the queen-mother, though at the same time saving the king from the commission of many compromising blunders.

In January, 1621, Pope Paul V announced a promotion of ten bishops. At the news the queen-mother immediately dispatched a courier to Rome with an urgent request that the bishop of Luçon be included in the number. In this demand she was, strangely enough, joined by Albert de Luynes himself, who seemed to urge the petition with remarkable vigor. But it was not at all the intention of the favorite that the petition should be granted. In fact, before it had reached Rome, the

wily courtier had already induced his sovereign, Louis XIII, to dispatch an anticipatory letter to the Pope, wherein the king was made to say that he did not at all wish that the bishop of Luçon be made cardinal, and begging that no notice be taken of any recommendations made in his favor. The stratagem of Luynes was effectual, and Richelieu, for the time being, gave up all hopes of obtaining the red hat.

But God, whose Providence disposes often contrary to the designs of the wisest, and who had evidently determined upon the exaltation of Richelieu as a factor in the carrying out of his inscrutable plans, had already set a limit to the period of persecution. The wars of the Protestants, especially the ineffectual siege of Montauban, for a time engaged all the activity of the favorite, until the end of the year 1621, when after a few insignificant victories the great duke was stricken with malignant fever and died in three days at the camp of Longueville.

Duke Albert de Luynes was indeed removed from the path of the bishop of Luçon; yet the spirit of opposition which he represented was by no means dead. The friends of Richelieu, espe-

cially the queen-mother, confidently expected that he would immediately be raised to the position of chief counsellor of the king. But there were aspirants already anxious and hopeful. The prince of Conde was especially favored. To overcome the pretensions of the latter it would be necessary that the great bishop should be created a cardinal, and to effect this latter expedient the queen-mother at once exerted all her influence. Her efforts were successful, and Richelieu was admitted into the Sacred College in 1622 by Pope Gregory XV. Yet even thus a new obstacle presented itself. The king was by no means anxious to raise the new cardinal to so lofty a position of influence and power, and as Richelieu says in his letters, he called to the council Cardinal Rochefoucauld, "not through personal esteem for the old cardinal, but to cut off from the new one all hope of a place for which he might be supposed to feel some ambition." Rochefoucauld's term, however, was but short, for in the year 1624, at the instance of the marquis of La Vieuville, the new cardinal was called to the council. La Vieuville remained at the head of the council until August of the same year, when he fell into disgrace and was confined

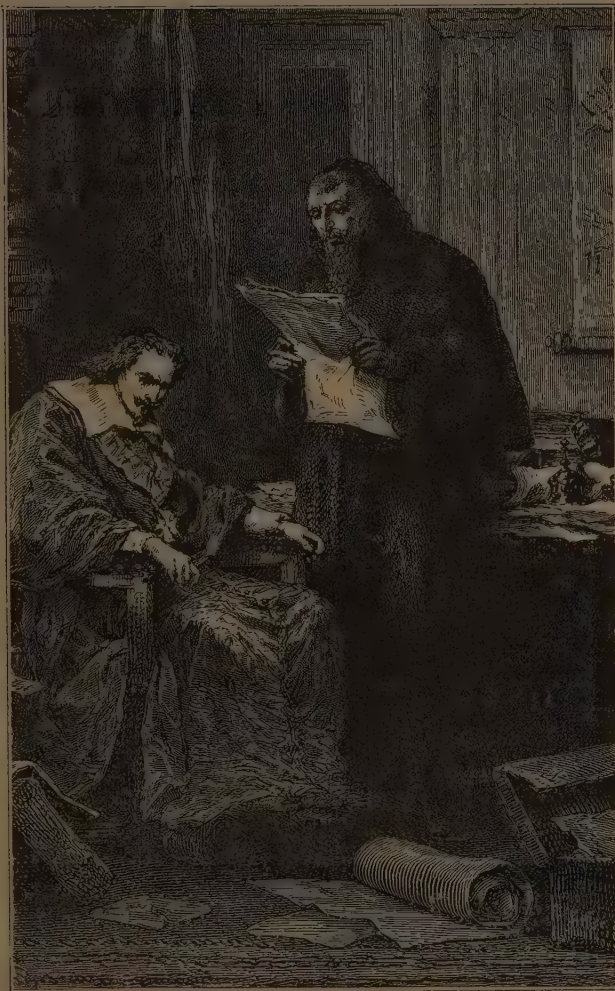


in the castle of Amboise. From that moment Richelieu, in spite of his modest resistance, became the veritable chief of the council, and he immediately took into his hands the reins of power, which he held unflinchingly to the hour of his death. His first years as premier Richelieu devoted to the arduous task of crushing the various plots which were being hatched against him by the powerful relatives of the king. The interests of the kingdom seemed to demand the marriage of the young prince, duke of Anjou, with Mlle. de Montpensier. The idea was distasteful, not only to the prince himself, but also to his brothers, the duke of Vendôme and the Grand Prior, who immediately took steps to remove the young prince from court and bring him to an asylum in the government of Brittany; but before the plot could be carried into execution the cardinal discovered its whole purpose. He caused the arrest of Vendôme and the Grand Prior, who were at once placed in confinement in the castle of Amboise.

The cardinal continued his operations for bringing about the projected marriage, and again was met by the intrigues of his enemies. A plan was concerted to lead the cardinal into an ambush,

seize his person and thus get rid of him at need. Again the eagle eye of the great minister penetrated into the conspiracy. Chalais, one of the principal instigators, was arrested and later put to death. Richelieu now found his enemies at his mercy and that they might feel the utter futility of any attempt to prevent the accomplishment of his designs, he caused the proposed marriage to be celebrated without great delay, he himself performing the ceremony.

This triumph of the cardinal did not, however, insure his complete peace. Newer attempts at his complete overthrow again arose, and this time from a most unexpected quarter. For some time the queen-mother, Maria de Medici, under whose patronage Richelieu had been raised to his lofty position, had conceived for the clever minister an intense hatred. She who owed as much to Richelieu as Richelieu to her became profoundly jealous of the immense influence he exerted over her son, the king, and she determined to employ measures as strong and crafty for his downfall as she had hitherto used for his advancement to power. In her undertaking she was joined, very naturally, by those same individuals who had



RICHELIEU AND HIS SECRETARY.

before attempted the cardinal's ruin. Among them the queen herself, Anne of Austria, and the duke of Orleans, played important parts. Even the king himself, while he recognized the incalculable worth of Richelieu, was for a time left in doubt, strengthened by the malicious stories of Maria de Medici. Richelieu was no warm friend of the king, who, with all his admiration, hated the powerful minister; yet the fear of his immense abilities compelled the sovereign to act the part of a sincere friend. Thus it was evidently not to his advantage that he consented at times to listen to the complaints of his royal mother against the cardinal. An accident happened that served to bring secret opposition to a point.

On the 12th of November, 1630, when mother and son were holding a conference at the palace of Luxembourg, the cardinal arrived there. Finding the door of the chamber closed, he entered the gallery and went and knocked at the door of the cabinet, where he obtained no answer. Tired of waiting, and knowing the ins and outs of the mansion, he entered by the little chapel; whereat the king was somewhat dismayed, and said to the queen in despair: "Here he is!" thinking, no

doubt, that he would blaze forth. The cardinal, who perceived this dismay, said to them: "I am sure you were speaking about me." The queen answered, "We were not." Whereupon, he having replied, "Confess it, madam," she replied, "Yes," and thereupon conducted herself with great tartness toward him, declaring to the king that she would put up with the cardinal no longer, or see in her house either him or any of his relatives or friends, to whom she incontinently gave their dismissal.

The struggle was thus begun. Contrary to the hopes of the queen-mother the king took sides with the cardinal. One of the mother's chief advisers, Marillac, lord keeper of the seal, was seized; another Marillac, brother of the former, and a marshal of France, was arrested while at the head of his army in Piedmont, and after a short trial was executed. For a time consternation reigned amidst the party of Maria; but the latter did not for all that give up the conflict. The duke of Orleans, brother of the king, in his anger at the outcome of the affair, went to the house of Richelieu and declared in unmistakable terms his enmity toward the cardinal. It was a rash act, in keep-

ing with the duke's ordinary behavior ; as a punishment the queen-mother was so harassed by the king and the cardinal that in February of the year 1631, she was obliged to fly by night to Brussels, never more to return.

By the departure of the queen-mother Richelieu now found but one powerful foe with whom to cope. The duke of Orleans, ever restless, fickle, and ever treacherous, swearing fidelity today and conspiring tomorrow, returned from Lorraine with a wretched army of Spanish adventurers and openly raised the standard of revolt. He was joined by the duke of Montmorency, a valiant warrior, at the head of an army of the French. The insurrection was but of short duration. The hostile armies met finally on the field of Castelnaudary ; the insurgents were routed and Montmorency fell wounded and a prisoner. A few days after, this gallant soldier was led to the block and suffered death as the penalty of his great mistake.

Again the clouds that had obscured the skies of his glory had been dispelled and Richelieu could begin to breathe something of the atmosphere of peace. It was but for a short time, however. New favorites arose at the royal court to distract

the thoughts of the king and cause worry to his minister. Louise de La Fayette and Mlle. d'Hautefort, ladies in waiting to the queen, exerted their influence for a short time, but they were succeeded in the king's affections by one who might be considered the most formidable, as he was the most daring, of Richelieu's enemies. This was M. de Cinq Mars, who at nineteen years of age had so ingratiated himself into the favor of his royal master as to obtain for himself the important office of grand equerry of France. Singularly handsome, brilliant and witty, he inspired Louis XIII with a very passion for his society. He could not but perceive at the same time how distasteful to the cardinal must be his influence over the king, and in a rash moment he permitted himself to imagine it in his power to cause that in which the most powerful minds of France had hitherto failed, the downfall of Richelieu. With the duke of Orleans and the duke of Bouillon he entered into a conspiracy, designing to engage an army in Spain to aid them in their war against the cardinal. Again the vigilance of Richelieu was put to the test. The great cardinal from his bed of mortal sickness at Narbonne had already penetrated into the

secret plans of his adversaries, and, at the very moment when Cinq Mars was most hopeful of the success of his intrigue, this news was published in the official journal: "The king has ordered under arrest the Marquis de Cinq Mars, grand equerry of France." The last favorite of the king to cause embarrassment to the cardinal was led to public execution in September of 1642.

The long list of enemies was now closed; scattered, powerless or dead, they could no more engage to destroy the noble prestige of the man they admired but feared. Peace at length smiled upon the workman weary of his labors, and the charms of an honored old age were within the bounds of promise. But it was now too late. The struggle that had been waged for well nigh thirty years was at an end; the great general fighting bravely was fighting to the last; the close of the battle was the close of life; Cardinal Richelieu died at Paris on the 4th of December, 1642.

In the preceding paragraphs we have dealt only with Richelieu's struggles with individuals, especially with Albert de Luynes, with Orleans, Challais, and Cinq Mars. We would not by that

insinuate that the hand of the great minister was not felt by the great organizations of the kingdom, by the nation at large and by all Europe. The domineering and irregular rule of the various parliaments of France was crushed one after the other until France could acknowledge no higher tribunal than Richelieu himself. He turned his attention to the formidable power of the house of Austria, the mistress of the world and the apparent menace of all Europe. He determined to crush the lofty pretensions of this empire, for which purposes he employed the great Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. Under the combined efforts of France and Sweden the house of Austria would have tottered to its fall but for the untimely death of the Swedish king in the battle of Lutzen. Austria was indeed saved from ruin, but it had learned to fear the gigantic intellect of the French premier.

In France the Calvinists and Huguenots had for many years carried on an intermittent struggle against the rule of the Catholic court. Not content with the liberties granted them by the Edict of Nantes, they had sought to acquire for themselves certain provinces and cities, from the liber-

ties of which they endeavored to exclude their Catholic fellow-citizens. They strove to create in France a state within a state. It became necessary, therefore, for Richelieu, if he would carry out his plan of equable liberty for all, to punish the heretics by reducing them into complete submission to the royal power. La Rochelle, the stronghold of French Protestantism for seventy years, was the point upon which the cardinal determined to concentrate all his resources. The siege of the strongly-fortified seaport held out for two years under the personal supervision of the cardinal himself. It was a siege remarkable not only for the evidences it gave of royal supremacy, but especially for the examples of true bravery on the part of the besieged inhabitants of La Rochelle, who surrendered only when further defiance had become impossible. The cowardly conduct of the English allies of the beleaguered city is also worthy of note in this connection. The downfall of La Rochelle was a victory for Richelieu, not only over the rebellious French, but as much over the English themselves, who after three feeble attempts to aid the besieged town, turned their vessels and sailed away in terror from the French coast. The consequences of this

brilliant victory were that thirty-six Protestant cities yielded submission to Richelieu's power. In the far East the hand of the mighty statesman made itself felt when he compelled the Turkish authorities to respect the rights of Christians in Palestine and restore to the Franciscans the holy places.

All these things, however, were but ephemeral triumphs in comparison to the lasting monuments still existing in France, which owe their foundation to Richelieu. If there were nothing else for which France could point to him with pride it would be sufficient for his glory that he founded the celebrated academy, that association of the Forty Immortals, whose existence is the surest guarantee of the cultivation of intellect among the French people. Builder of the great University of Sorbonne, founder of the King's Press, institutor of the Jardin des Plantes, and organizer of the French navy, what more could his country hope from him ?

Nor is it merely as a statesman that he appeals to the admiration of the world ; he was at the same time profoundly Catholic, never yielding to secular cares, however weighty, when duty to

religion demanded his attention. Richelieu was called the Huguenot's cardinal; but the title was never less merited. It is true he had at times to engage in conflicts with the clergy; but these quarrels were at most slight and upon points with regard to which there was at the time some liberty of opinion. In defence of his attitude toward the Pope at one time, it will be sufficient to recall the position of the French church, then profoundly Gallican and suffering from the inroads of Jansenism. Through it all the great cardinal yielded not in his obedience to the Holy See, though his ardor for French liberties sometimes induced him to treat the claims of the Holy Father with some obstinacy. It was during his career that France produced men like St. Vincent de Paul, Cardinal Berulle, and encouraged St. Francis de Sales. Jansenism and its exponent, the abbot of St. Cyran, met with implacable enmity from the hands of Richelieu. In a word the time of Richelieu was a crucial period for the Church in France, so much so that we may say if Protestantism today is not powerful amongst the French people, they owe it in great part to the Catholic ardor of Cardinal Richelieu.

Statesman, soldier, churchman, the great car-

dinal was not to be left behind even in the domain of letters. Several of the productions of his pen, both in prose and verse, attest the sincerity of that patronage which he ever showed to men of letters and genius.

The mind of Richelieu was in fact universal. It has been rightly said that his was the grandest intellect that France has ever produced, that he was one of the most able statesmen of the world ; born to command, he succeeded in every arduous undertaking. Patience taught him the value of waiting ; his courage was never rash, his blows were always final. His aspect, while always affable, was at the same time vivacious ; his judgments were always solid and his ideas sublime.

It has been said that Napoleon was a greater man than Richelieu. If immediate results are to decide the comparison, the saying was true. Yet it is none the less to be granted that while Napoleon conquered France with an army at his back, Richelieu mastered France alone.

Pius the Seventh.

A. D. 1742.

The history of the struggle of fourteen years between the two most conspicuous figures in Church and State at the beginning of this century presents one of the most remarkable examples of Divine intervention in human affairs. To the unaided eye of the critic its events offer only a tangled mass of inexplicable mysteries. It requires the superadded light of Faith to enable the mind to penetrate, as far as possible for man, into the designs of Providence and to observe the workings of the Divine hand as it unravels the meshes and disposes discordant elements into harmonious order. To a mind so prepared the spectacle of a saintly pontiff confronting a powerful and unscrupulous tyrant bespeaks a double instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for the elevation of the Church on the one hand, as well as for the punishment of iniquitous nations on the other.

Pius VII was born at Cesena, Italy, in 1742, and his early life was passed under the name of Gregorio Barnaba Chiaramonti. He was a Bene-

dictine monk during the years of his first manhood until the time when his shining abilities attracted the notice of the Supreme Pontiff, who, as a mark of recognition, elevated him to the see of Tivoli, whence he was later transferred to the bishopric of Imola. The honors of the cardinalate were then bestowed upon his unwilling shoulders, giving to him a singular prominence all through the stormy career of his predecessor, the exiled Pius VI. But it is with his adventures as the successor of St. Peter in his conflict with the new Nero, that we wish particularly to speak of him in the present article, and thus we can afford to pass over the brilliant years that preceded his elevation to the papal throne.

Cardinal Chiaramonti was elected to the Supreme Pontificate in the conclave which was held at Venice and which terminated on March 12, 1800. The accession to his high office, under the name of Pius VII, was attended with difficulties and forebodings of danger such as had met but few of his predecessors through the long course of history. With the memory still fresh in his mind of the saintly Pius VI subjected to indignities and outrages and forced to die in exile, the new Pope

could not but foresee that the time was not far distant when the storm should burst upon his own head ; indeed, the gathering clouds in the social, political and religious atmosphere made anything like hope seem a mockery. The surprise was, therefore, great when Napoleon from the field of Marengo sent his felicitations to the new pontiff, assuring him of his sincere desire for friendship and for a cessation of hostile intentions. He offered the Holy Father propositions of permanent peace and begged as a pledge of recognition that a papal legate be sent to Paris to make overtures for better relations between the governments of Paris and Rome. The Holy Father, with a heart full of joyous hope, gladly acceded to the request of the First Consul, and, as a result of the deliberations of the commission appointed, the famous Concordat of 1801 was framed and was ratified at Rome, where it was published on August 15 of the same year.

The Concordat was indeed a strange document. While it professed to be a treaty of peace between the Holy See and the French government, it, nevertheless, contained much that could not fail later to create a most unmanageable discord. Thus

while it brought back to France the practice of the ancient Catholic religion, it, at the same time so restricted the government of that religion as to render the practice of it extremely difficult, if not at times impossible. It contained three especially offensive articles, whose whole purport was to destroy the existing hierarchy of France and to create in its place one newer and more conformable to the views of the First Consul. The Holy Father naturally murmured at this usurpation of authority on the part of the Consul, but as it seemed to contain nothing contrary to the essential doctrines of the Church, and moreover offered prospects of future betterment, he yielded to the inevitable. Not so, however, the French bishops. Eighty-one prelates received notice that they should resign their sees to receive other sees in their place, according to the pleasure of Napoleon. Out of these only forty-five were willing to obey. The other thirty-six did not refuse absolutely, but offered excuses for delaying their formal assent, asserting that a matter of such importance should not be settled off-hand, but should require, for its proper execution, that a council be called of all the French clergy, to whose wisdom should be confided the

advisability of accepting or rejecting the articles in question. The Holy Father, however, much as it pained him to do so, was obliged to override their objections, and through the offices of his legate, Cardinal Caprara, a new circumscription of the French dioceses was made and peace once more seemed to smile upon the fortunes of the Church in France.

The Organic Articles.

Napoleon had gained a victory ; it was a characteristic of his never to pause while newer fields should be open for conquests. The open dealing of the Concordat offered him much ; to gain more it was necessary to resort to fraud, and in the art of deception the great conqueror was acknowledged adept. It was only an evidence, therefore, of his accustomed duplicity that when the Concordat was published at Paris it contained certain articles which had never been submitted to the Holy Father for approval. To these he gave the name of Organic Articles, and, without going into details as to their wording, we will content ourselves by saying that their purport was direct opposition to

ecclesiastical discipline. The Holy Father was much pained at this effort of the Consul to render his good intentions valueless, and complained bitterly of the spirit of persecution manifest in the whole affair. He refused, therefore, to accede to the wishes of Napoleon. The latter, however, was not one to be discomfited by so slight a setback. Again he called strategy into play in order to accomplish his purposes. His intention was to so humiliate the Holy See that he might be able at need to make use of the Pope and the Church as so many stepping stones for rising to the summit of his ambition. Knowing the lofty hopes which the Holy Father built upon his apparently good will, he determined, for the time being, to appear indifferent as to the acceptance of the Organic Articles, in order that the good will of the Pope might remain long enough to aid him in the accomplishment of a new design.

The soldier who had risen to the command of armies had been honored with the title of First Consul; his head, yet uncrowned, was restless till it should feel upon it the emblem of royalty. He wished to be called and to be, like Charlemagne, an emperor; he wished that the consecrating oils

in the great ceremony for his coronation should be conferred by no less a personage than the Holy Father himself, and he wished that the Holy Father should perform this ceremony at Paris. The venerable Pope was again at a loss how to respond to these demands of the general. He looked for counsel to his most prudent friends and above all to the great Giver of all light, and then weighing in the balance the great harm that he knew must come from a formal refusal, and the immense benefits that he hoped should accrue to the Church from so slight a sacrifice, he determined, leaving the issue to Divine Providence, to gratify this wish of Napoleon. In compliance with these resolves the Pope set out from Rome on the 2d of November, 1804, and after a journey of nearly a month's duration, through provinces once hostile, but now enthusiastic in their greetings, he reached Fontainebleau on Sunday, November 25. Here he was met by Napoleon, who displayed at first an apparent desire to shower every honor upon his illustrious guest. Yet even this short stay at Fontainebleau was marked by the same evidences of fickleness and selfishness on the part of the Consul, as were shown in his every relation with the Holy See.

At one time it would seem as if nothing were too good for the aged pontiff, and the Consul to demonstrate this conviction would display the most abject subserviency to his spiritual superior; an hour afterward the Holy Father was made to feel most keenly the sense of humiliating dependence upon his tormentor. Yet the spirit of the martyr bore up bravely through storm and sunshine. He met the delegation sent to him from the French Senate with a calm, undisturbed serenity that drew expressions of admiration from men hostile to the very name of religion; he forbore any words of reproach against the unwarranted usurpations of Napoleon. There was only one thing upon which he insisted strongly and without which he would refuse, even on the eve of the great ceremony, to be present at the coronation. There were among the French bishops at the time in Paris many of the old constitutional clergy, men who had signed the Constitution of the Reign of Terror, in defiance of ecclesiastical warnings to the contrary. Still unrepentant, they hoped under the protection of Napoleon to continue in the exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction without yielding proper submission to the Holy See. To compel them to this latter

action was the determined policy of Pius VII, though the constitutional bishops found a ready ally in the person of the First Consul himself. The latter at first endeavored to gloss over the objections of the Pope, hoping that in the excitement of the day, the coronation ceremony might be performed before any action should be taken in regard to the obnoxious bishops. But Pius VII was far too vigilant to fall a victim to the deception. The aged pontiff demanded the act of submission as a necessary condition before the great ceremony should proceed, and Napoleon, tacitly acknowledging his defeat, yielded. The constitutional bishops at his command repaired to the presence of the Holy Father and made an act of complete submission.

The day following, the 2d of December, the conqueror of Europe, the great dictator of France, realized the dream of his lifetime. The solemn ceremony of his consecration and his coronation as emperor of the French took place in the great cathedral of Notre Dame in the midst of all that splendor which the united efforts of Church and State could command. The ceremony began shortly after ten o'clock, when Napoleon, proceeding with

Josephine to the foot of the altar, in the presence of the Holy Father made the solemn promise that he would maintain peace in the Church of God. The two candidates for royalty then knelt upon cushions and received from His Holiness the oils of imperial consecration. Napoleon then ascended to the altar and taking the crown placed it upon his own head, after which he took up the smaller crown of the empress and bearing it to Josephine crowned her. She received the diadem kneeling. The ceremony was concluded with the *Te Deum*, and Napoleon returned to the Tuilleries, a crowned sovereign, the emperor of the French.

The Affair of Prince Jerome.

Pius VII returned to Rome after what was to him at once a humiliating and exacting journey. Scarce was he permitted a reasonable rest from his arduous labors. Even at the entrance of the Eternal City new complications met to annoy and confuse him, which, however, he met and settled with his usual diplomatic firmness and condescension. But a newer trial awaited him.

Prince Jerome, a lad of nineteen, and brother

of the emperor, had undertaken a trip over the ocean in a French man-of-war. While resting at Baltimore, in America, the young man met and became infatuated with a young Protestant lady, a certain Miss Patterson, a descendant of one of Maryland's best families. The promptings of affection led him to forget or to disregard the proprieties demanded of one belonging to the family of Napoleon, and in a moment of determination he married the Baltimore lady. The ceremony was performed in the presence of Archbishop John Carroll on December 24, 1803, and immediately after the young couple took their departure for France.

On the 24th of the next May Napoleon wrote to the Pope: "I have several times spoken to Your Holiness about a brother, nineteen years old, whom I sent on a frigate to America, and who after a month's stay, married in Baltimore—although a minor—a Protestant daughter of an American merchant. He has just returned; he feels the extent of his fault. I have sent back Miss Patterson, his alleged wife, to America. According to our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duty as to give the

nuptial benediction." Napoleon then proceeds to request the Pope to declare the marriage null, giving as his principal reasons: That the lady was a Protestant; that Jerome was as yet a minor according to French law, and that the marriage was clandestine according to the laws of the Council of Trent. To all these objections the Holy Father wrote in answer declaring the marriage entirely valid and that it was not in his power to annul the same unless stronger reasons were brought forward to warrant such action. To this determination the Pope adhered unflinchingly, despite the threats and revengeful acts of Napoleon. Even later, in 1807, when Jerome was married to a princess of Würtemberg, the Holy Father, far from consenting, renewed his declaration as to the validity of the first marriage.

Pius Defies Napoleon.

Napoleon at the summit of his political and military power looked forward to still other conquests. He had crowned himself emperor of the French at Paris; he received another crown at Milan, making him king of Italy. Then came

Austerlitz and Jena and Eylau to humiliate Austria and Prussia and Russia. The new king became a king-maker by placing his brothers upon the thrones of Naples, Holland, and Westfalia. The battle of Wagram, in 1809, might be said to be the most important, hitherto fought, on account of its immense influence upon the private fortunes of Napoleon, for the reason that Austria, conquered and prostrated in that encounter and forced to accept any terms for the preservation of its national existence, yielded to a very unexpected request of the conqueror. This was nothing else than the hand in marriage of the Austrian emperor's daughter, the Princess Maria Louisa. Josephine, her claims long vanished, was divorced from Napoleon upon the plea of State necessity. An emperor to be emperor in deed must be able to look upon the children who shall carry his great name to posterity. The marriage of Josephine and Napoleon had been fruitless in this regard; reasons of State therefore demanded that a dissolution take place, and that a new empress be called to the throne. The reasoning of Napoleon was accepted by Europe. Josephine was divorced and the emperor re-married to Maria Louisa.

The vainglorious assumptions of Napoleon now knew no bounds. Petted and flattered where he was not feared, he often smiled as he heard himself compared with Alexander, Scipio, Cæsar, or Charlemagne. He designed, as a means of greater glory, the complete solidification of his empire under his own supreme control. Only one obstacle lay in the way of his colossal ambition. He chafed at the thought that there was yet in Italy one little state which would hold out against his pretensions, and then, hurried on by lust of power, and blinded by prosperity, this pretended successor of Charlemagne proceeded against the Pope. Again the aged pontiff remonstrated. He reminded Napoleon of his former injustice in the matter of the Organic Articles; he complained of their injurious effect upon the new kingdom of Italy; he reproached him for the introduction into France of the celebrated Civil Code, the tendency of which was to render the discipline of the Church almost entirely null; and now, in the face of this new danger, the projected subjugation of the States of the Church, he reminded the emperor of the judgments that the Almighty must send upon those who disregard His Divine ordinances. The words

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of the Pope, instead of moderating the intentions of Bonaparte, served only to fill him with violent anger. He determined thenceforth to cast aside all promptings of conscience, and to take immediate steps for the complete subjugation of Rome. Benevento and Ponte Corvo at once fell into his hands; his troops took possession of Ancona and all cities on the coast of the Adriatic; Rome itself was invaded; the papal militia was incorporated with the French; the Pope was deprived of every official necessary for the direction of ecclesiastical affairs and surrounded by a guard in his own palace of the Quirinal.

For these outrages the Holy Father addressed Napoleon: "By the bowels of the mercy of our God we exhort, we pray, we conjure you, emperor and king, Napoleon, to change your designs, to clothe yourself again with those sentiments which you manifested at the beginning of your reign; remember that there is a God and King above you; remember that He is no respecter of persons; remember, and always keep it before your mind, that you will see very soon and in a terrible manner how those who command others shall by Him be judged with the utmost rigor." Then the holy

pontiff published, in the face of all Europe, a solemn protest against the unjust pretensions of Napoleon.

In a frenzy of rage the emperor made answer to this bitter complaint, from the French camp at Shoenbrunn, by declaring Rome an imperial and free city. On the 10th of June, 1809, the pontifical standard was taken down from the Castle St. Angelo and the tri-color hoisted in its place. The same day, Pius VII and Cardinal Pacca hearing of the event, exclaimed sorrowfully, in the words of the dying Savior, "*Consummatum est.*" The Pope had long felt the necessity of excommunicating his enemies, but had forborne up to this time in the hopes that the emperor might display some spirit of repentance. As soon as he perceived that such hope was useless, he only needed this crowning act of sacrilege to close the doors of his heart and to proceed to make use of the spiritual arms of the Church. That same night the venerable pontiff signed the Bull of Excommunication against Napoleon and all concerned in this spoliation. A courageous man was found who, before the morning, affixed this Bull to the doors of the principal churches of Rome. It was, of course, torn down

as soon as discovered, and carried to Napoleon, who was then in camp at Vienna.

“What does the Pope mean,” said Napoleon, in July, 1807, “by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he suppose that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?” Within two years after these words were written the Pope did excommunicate him, and in less than four years more the arms did actually fall from the hands of his soldiers in the great retreat from Moscow, when famine and cold tore them from their grasp.

The emperor determined now to proceed against the person of the Pope. General Radet was commissioned to arrest the Pope and Cardinal Pacca and conduct them immediately out of Rome. The story of that arrest and the indignities heaped upon the aged pontiff during his journey could not be well told in the space of a single article. We will therefore make it suffice to narrate the facts.

At six o'clock on the morning of July 6, 1809, the French troops burst into the palace of the Quirinal. Radet then, after very few words of explanation, seized the Holy Father and hurried him, with his faithful cardinal, into a dingy carriage, which was waiting in readiness. The Pope

was absolutely without proper provision of clothing or money. There was no leave-taking, no words of consolation from his faithful subjects, but as a criminal is carried away to punishment so was Pius VII dragged out of Rome, across the Campagna to the north, until he reached the place of his captivity at Savona. Here he remained for three years, always under restraint and guarded.

The Council of Paris.

While the Pope remained in the prison-house of Savona, the mental eccentricities of the emperor took a new turn. He kept ever before his mind the determination of being a new Charlemagne; for the accomplishment of which design it was necessary that he should figure very decidedly in the affairs of the Church. Since the beginning of his personal hostilities toward the Pope a great number of the bishops of France and Italy had died, and as yet no one had been instituted in their places. Napoleon nominated certain bishops to fill the vacant sees, and sent to the Pope demanding that the latter give canonical institution to the same. The reply of Pius VII was decisive. He

would grant no such institution until he should be restored to perfect freedom and enabled to learn from proper sources the relative qualifications of the proposed candidates. Napoleon chafed at the courageous attitude of the Pope and determined to take the matter into his own hands. He recalled the independence of the Russian czar in matters of Greek church discipline; he reflected that George III was undisturbed by any independence on the part of the English hierarchy. Why, therefore, should not Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe, make to himself a new schism, a new hierarchy, institute his own bishops, and be free from the troublesome superintendence of the Pope. The idea was inviting, and the emperor immediately took steps to its accomplishment. A great council was called at Paris. Its presiding officer was Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of the emperor, and it numbered among its deliberators one hundred and four French and Italian bishops. Like other councils, it discussed matters of universal importance, but its chief debates concerned the canonical institution of the French and Italian hierarchy. In this matter the council decided that no bishop might be considered legitimate who had not obtained his institution

from the great father of all the faithful. Yet, that the council might not displease the emperor, it was decided that a deputation of bishops be sent to Savona to again beg the Holy Father to institute the candidates proposed. Again the pontiff renewed his absolute refusal. Moreover, he declared the Council of Paris null, as it was convoked and carried on without the conditions requisite.

Again Napoleon was forced to acknowledge the superior spiritual force of the Supreme Pontiff. He felt that if he was to gain anything over the will of the Pope he must contrive to have his illustrious prisoner nearer to his own person. It was not a matter of wonder, then, that shortly after the termination of the Council of Paris the Holy Father was secretly removed to Fontainebleau.

The Concordat of 1813.

The conduct of the emperor during the stay at Fontainebleau was in keeping with past behavior. Under a specious display of ceremonial reverence towards Pius VII, he concealed a course of cruel treatment unworthy of a man, much less of a sovereign. It is true the palace of Fontaine-

bleau was not wanting in regal magnificence, that the table of the Pope was all that might be desired, and that the servants who surrounded him showed due respect for their spiritual ruler. At the same time the emperor himself acted the part of a bully and braggart towards a weak and feeble old man. An insulting tone of voice ever accompanied the more insulting demands, until the aged pontiff, worn out and almost unconscious of what he was doing, was made to yield apparently to the most unwarrantable demands. Thus it was that from his bed of sickness the Pope was finally led to apply his signature to a Concordat which, in a state of health, he would have repudiated in the most decided terms. The emperor, in his joy at this apparent victory, began at once to show unwonted kindness toward the Pope, and as a sign of his good will, permitted the old cardinals, exiled formerly from the presence of the Holy Father, to return once more and comfort him in the captivity of Fontainebleau. The concession proved to be unfortunate for Napoleon, for scarcely had they gained access to the Sovereign Pontiff than they began to represent to him the awful importance of the Concordat which he had signed. It was repre-

sented as nothing less than a complete subjection of spiritual discipline to the will of a temporal ruler. It is true there was no absolute bearing upon doctrines of faith or morals in the unfortunate document; yet the whole affair was a humiliating cession of inalienable rights. The Holy Father in deep sorrow protested that the document was not definitive, but merely a preliminary statement, which should be reconsidered before publication, so that the Concordat was really without pontifical concurrence or authority. Thereupon he made known to Napoleon his objections, retracted everything contained in the Concordat, rendering it thereby null. This firm decision of the pontiff only rendered the emperor all the more furious, and incited him to redouble the discomforts of his prisoner. He again deprived him of his cardinal advisers, and commanded that the Concordat should be executed everywhere without further delay.

The End of the Storm.

But already the hour had sounded for the total ruin of the tyrant. He, who had trodden

Europe under foot, now discovered Europe armed to meet him. With Germany consumed by a superhuman resolve to be free; with his old generals tired of fighting and struggling for the glory of a single man; with even his own relative, Murat, a partial traitor; with murmurings and threats resounding on all sides, Napoleon was not slow to perceive that the day of his downfall was at hand. The year went by and battles were fought, some gained and some lost. The great conqueror, who once claimed a species of sovereignty over a great part of Europe, now found France alone sufficient for his imperial authority. He wished to restore the thrones, which he had robbed, to their rightful owners, and as a pledge of the sincerity of this intention, he declared the restoration of the Holy Father to the pontifical throne of Rome. But his repentance came too late. Already the foe stood before the gates of Paris, and Napoleon learned that the day of his imperial domination was at an end. In his despair he fled to Fontainebleau, and there, in the very same chamber wherein he had once confined his spiritual superior, he signed articles of abdication. His fate was soon sealed by those triumphant powers against which he had so

long contended, and he retired a humbler man to his place of exile upon the island of Elba.

Meanwhile, Pius VII, who was by this time far on his way toward Rome, was awaiting at Imola for the final ending of the great events which were taking place in France, and hearing of the downfall of the one-time emperor of France, he hurried on with all dispatch to Rome. He arrived there on the 24th of May, 1814, when he made his solemn entrance into the Eternal City, whence, five years before, he had been dragged away with so much violence. The joy and enthusiasm of the people, augmented by the recent memories of usurpation and tyranny, was indescribable. It was not alone that Rome had regained her sovereign, but the Church also had again its beloved head, and all the Catholic world took a part in the triumph of Religion over the unbridled ambition of her enemies.

It is true the storm had not yet entirely subsided. Napoleon again broke forth from captivity, and the Holy See for a moment trembled lest new outrages might yet be perpetrated against the Church. But before the danger could have been brought to its accomplishment the newly-arisen

Napoleon was again overthrown. Waterloo came, and in 1815 the greatest general of modern times was exiled, beyond all hope of return, to the lonely island of St. Helena.

Peace now settled upon the troubled Church. Religion once more dried the tears of sorrow, and the aged Pope, restored to the love of his faithful people, began to give his attention to arts nobler than war: the raising up of Catholic peoples in the knowledge of that God, who, after purging them in the land of bondage, had overwhelmed their enemies and brought them to newer and richer prospects in the land of promise.



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